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COME BACK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Child with the haunted eyes
  And mazy midnight hair,
My heart in sorrow lies,
  Nursing its dark despair;
I miss thy low replies,
  And smiles once bright and fair.

Oh! what to me are books,
  And all this subtle lore,
The dells and silent nooks,
  The solemn sounding shore,
Since thy confiding looks
  Inspire my heart no more.

I pace the burning sands
  Till starlight feeds the sea
With iridescent brands
  Of glowing brilliancy,
And dream of distant lands,
  Of shattered hopes and thee.

The dreamy songs of June
  Are wafted to mine ears
Devoid of sense or tune,
  And filled with changing fears;
For, in the breathless noon,
Or splendor of the moon,
  My eyelids throb with tears.

There's rapture in my dream,
  A thrill in thy embrace,
Once more thy ringlets seem
  To ripple o'er my face,
And night brings back, I deem,
  Thy form of matchless grace.

Oh! come ere youth be cold,
  And summer roses fade;
Come while the song birds hold
  Their matins in the glade—
For heart and brain grow old,
  And hope's fair spring lies dead.

Amsterdam, N. B. DE W. VAN BUREN.

THE LADY LISLE.

The Colonel looked over his newspaper, laughing at the skirmish between his eldest and youngest born. He loved to see his handsome daughter descend like an eagle upon the dovecote of her elder sisters, and unmercifully rout those young ladies.

"That's right, Livy," he said, "that's right; give it to them, my girl! You could have married the Prince Regent, if you'd been born in the last century. There's no man living could stand against you, if you set your mind upon having him—is there, Livy?"

Olivia laid her hands upon the old man's bristling gray hair, and smoothed it lovingly.

"If I ever do marry a rich man, papa," she said, "it will be for your sake, and for nobody else." And she looked round at her four sisters, as if she would have added, "Not for yours, young ladies, not yours!"

It did not certainly appear as if Sir Rupert Lisle had any intention—to use the Colonel's phrase—of attempting to stand against the attractions of Miss Olivia Marmaduke, for the very next morning he called at the Grove, and apologized for his "ungentlemanly conduct on the day before."

It was so early when he came that breakfast had scarcely been cleared out of the little sitting-room in which the ladies and their papa received him.

"I know I've come too early," he said, "and I've caught you all in your morning gowns, as he said I should, and he said I oughtn't to come till one o'clock; but I couldn't wait any longer, and I should have come last night, only he wouldn't let me."

During the delivery of this very obscure speech, the young Baronet grew every moment redder in the face, fidgetting on his chair all the time, and shifting his gold-headed riding whip nervously from one hand to the other. He was dressed in fashionable morning costume, wore a great deal more jewelry than usual, and flourished a cambric handkerchief redolent of "Jockey Club" perfume.

Miss Olivia laughed in her admirer's face. "We don't mind being 'caught in our morning dresses,' Sir Rupert," she said; "but it was very considerate of *him* to mention it."

The Baronet blushed, if possible, a deeper red than before.

"I meant Major Varney—Major Granville Varney. Do you know him?"

"I have not that pleasure," said Olivia; "but I have no doubt he is a very agreeable person." And the young lady walked straight to the window looking into the garden, and began to examine a stand of flowers, leaving her papa and sisters to entertain the visitor.

"Granville Varney. Ah! I saw him when I called at the Park, Sir Rupert. I think he told me that he was in the Company's Service. A very gentlemanly man."

The Baronet, whose eyes were fixed upon Miss Olivia, snipping at her geraniums, seemed not to hear a word of Colonel Marmaduke's remark.

"Do you think she's very much offended with me?" he asked.

"She——?" said the Colonel, interrogatively.

"Miss, I mean. I know I was rude, yesterday, and I know it's very bad manners to swear; but that chestnut mare's so confoundedly nervous, hang her! she'd throw me for half a farthing; and I told the Major all about it, and he said my conduct was shocking, and I've come on purpose to apologize; so, I do hope Miss will think no more about it. I shall never forget the look she gave me, to my dying day; it went through me like a bullet. Will you forgive me, Miss?" he added, imploringly, appealing to Olivia.

"Oh, of course," she said. "It's very little to forgive; I dare say it comes quite natural to you to swear, and I ought not to have been offended; but, you see, I'm not used to it. When papa swears, I order him out of the room."

"She does, Sir Rupert!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Egad, sir! this girl orders me out of the room."

"I think she might order anybody to do anything, Colonel Marmaduke," said the young man, still fidgetting with his hat and cane; "for I'm sure nobody would ever refuse to obey her."

Olivia snipped her geranium leaves, as if there had been no such thing as Sir Rupert Lisle in the scheme of the universe. The young man followed with his eyes every turn and twist of the hand straying in and out among the flowers. The lady's amber-colored gown seemed to him a robe of shining gold, and she a princess, a goddess, an angel, everything that was sublimely distant from common mortality; beautiful, but unapproachable; magnificent, but severe.

He sat for some time silently staring at her, and scarcely able to reply to a few polite remarks made by the Colonel. At last, he felt that it was time for him to go. He shook hands with the Colonel and with the four eldest girls, twice over with two of them, and then walked to the window, by which Olivia stood. He held out his hand, and she laid the tips of her fingers in it. He pressed them for a moment, and then let them drop, as if they had burned him.

"Do you forgive me, Miss Olivia?" he asked. He had learnt her name from hearing her sisters address her.

"Oh, dear me, yes! Didn't I say I did?" she said, impatiently.

These two or three syllables seemed quite to annihilate the young Baronet. He shambled out of the room, knocking over a light cane chair in his exit, and a few minutes afterwards they heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs upon the high road before the house.

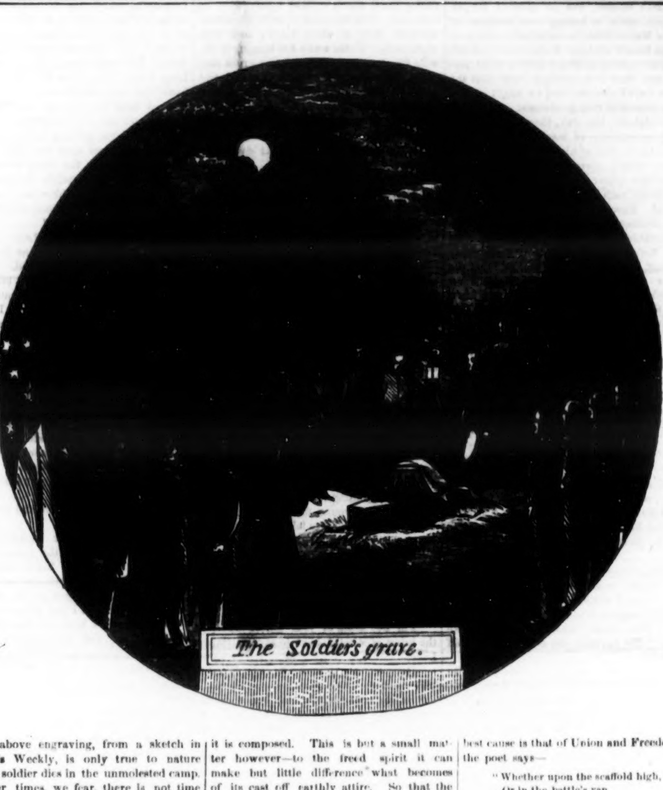
"Why, Livy?" said the Colonel, "how rude you were to Sir Rupert. He is dreadfully uncultivated; but that is not to be wondered at under the circumstances."

Olivia Marmaduke took no notice whatever of this observation of her father's.

"What rooms will you have when you come to live with me at Lislewood Park, papa?" she said. "I remember, when we went over the house years ago, I noticed a very pretty suite of oak rooms on the south side. You like a southern aspect, papa, dear. The housekeeper showed us the rooms occupied by Sir Rupert's father; there is a secret staircase opening out of the bedroom, with a sliding panel, and communicating with a subterranean passage leading into the park. It's such a dear, old, romantic house."

"And you are to be mistress of it, Olivia, it appears," said her eldest sister, with a sneer.

"I think so, Laura, dear," answered the young lady. "Never mind; I will get you a husband when I am Lady Lisle."


The Soldier's grave.

The above engraving, from a sketch in Harper's Weekly, is only true to nature when a soldier dies in the unmolested camp. At other times, we fear, there is not time and opportunity for such a ceremonious return of the body to the dust of which it is composed. This is but a small matter however—to the freed spirit it can make but little difference what becomes of its cast off earthly attire. So that the spirit parted from earth in a good cause is the sole important consideration. And the best cause is that of Union and Freedom. As the poet says—

> "Whether upon the scaffold high,
>   Or in the battle's van,
> The fittest place for man to die
>   Is where he dies for man!"

CHAPTER XXI.

ACCEPTED.

Sir Rupert Lisle followed up his first visit to the Grove by presents of game, hot-house fruit, and hot-house flowers, the latter especially directed to Miss Olivia Marmaduke, and accompanied by a note, far more elegant, as to diction, than could well have been expected from the young Baronet. The handwriting was stiff and labored certainly, but Sir Rupert expressed himself much better on paper than he had done by word of mouth.

"I suppose this was dictated by the gentleman who told him not to come early enough to catch us in our morning gowns," said Olivia, as she examined the armorial bearings embossed upon the glistering paper.

"Look at the bloody hand, Laura," she said, "and the motto in old French, which, being translated, means, '*Lisle guards what Lisle wins.*' Who would ever think that flaxen-haired stripling, who blushes if you look at him, came of such a noble house? I fancy a Lisle, of Lislewood, ought to be tall and stalwart, dark and stern. You're a thousand times more like a Baronet, papa, than Sir Rupert is."

"The Marmadukes are as old a family as the Lisles, Livy," said her father, "and they refused a peerage in the reign of Charles I."

"Then they were very stupid, papa. I should have liked you to have been an Earl. Lady Olivia sounds remarkably well."

Three days after this, the Baronet drove over to the Grove with his mother and Major Varney, in a barouche. The young man had given Claribel no rest, until she had promised to call upon Colonel Marmaduke's daughters, and invite them to the Park.

"I assure you, my dear Rupert, that they visit no one," Mrs. Walsingham said.

"But they'll visit me; they must and shall visit me," exclaimed the young man. "I'm the richest man in Sussex, and it's very hard if I can't have what visitors I please. They shall come."

"Rupert, don't be foolish," Claribel remonstrated.

"Foolish! I'm not foolish; I've taken a fancy to the Colonel."

"Oh, to the Colonel," said Major Varney, laughing. "Not to either of his daughters?"

"No, not to either of his daughters," Sir Rupert declared, blushing very violently. "I suppose I may take a fancy to an old military man, without anybody interfering, and prying, and poking their nose into my business. I like the Colonel, and I'll have him at my house, and I'll have his daughters at my house. They shall live here, if I please."

"If they please, I should think," said the Major, quietly.

"I suppose I may choose my own words," the young man muttered.

"I suppose you may, Sir Rupert," answered Major Varney; "but you may choose them more politely, and it would be perhaps as well to remember, that gentlemen are not in the habit of raising their voices in their own drawing-rooms, when addressing their guests."

"Guest!" repeated Sir Rupert, with a sneer, "You've been here rather a long time for a guest. *I* should think you lived here."

"Rupert!" exclaimed his mother, "can you forget?"

"Oh, I don't forget anything," said the Baronet, "people take precious care that I don't forget anything. My banker could tell how often I get reminded of things; but as to that," he added, turning to the Major, "you're free to stay here as long as you like, and to eat and drink what you like, and to get all out of me that you can, but I won't be interfered with when I set my mind upon a thing. Do you hear that? I won't be interfered with." The Baronet walked out of the room, slamming the door after him. It was the first time he had ever resisted Major Varney's authority by so much as a word.

One glance round the little sitting room at the Grove told the Major which of the young ladies had attracted Sir Rupert Lisle. The four elder sisters were all at work at their everlasting crochet when the visitors entered, but Olivia was seated by the fire (for the morning was chilly), listlessly turning over the leaves of a book. Major Varney contrived to seat himself near her, and to engage her in conversation. The Baronet, seated behind his mother, at the very extremity of the room looked terribly vexed by this arrangement. But polished as the Major was, and equal as he generally was to every occasion, he did not get on very well with Miss Olivia Marmaduke. The young lady made such brief replies to his elegant sentences, and looked him so hard in the face with her great penetrating black eyes when he spoke to her, that he walked away from her at last with a shudder.

"What a terrible girl that youngest daughter is," he muttered to Sir Rupert. "She looks like Semiramis in a shabby silk."

"I don't know Semiramis," the Baronet answered, impatiently, "and I dare say Miss Olivia will have plenty of handsome silks some of these days."

"Stupid Rupert! Surely it isn't Miss Olivia with whom you're smitten? Surely not that yellow-complexioned girl, with those horrid bold black eyes. Now I really do think Miss Marmaduke yonder rather pretty. She is fair, and is certainly elegant looking."

"That eldest girl's a guy," answered Rupert, resolutely; "and Miss Olivia's the handsomest woman I ever saw."

Although Olivia Marmaduke chose to repel the Major's attentions, and to do all in her power to make herself disagreeable to that gentleman, the Colonel, her father, liked the Indian officer very well. The two men talked of military matters, the state of the Punjaub, and adaptability of the native troops; and before Major Varney left, Olivia's father had invited him to dine at the Grove on the following day. The Baronet heard the invitation, and cried out,

"Oh! then I shall come too, Colonel. You haven't asked me, but I suppose where Major Varney's welcome, I am. You needn't put yourself out of the way because I'm coming," he added, condescendingly; "treat me just like one of yourselves. No finery, and no ceremony."

The Colonel reddened.

"As an old soldier should always live like a gentleman, he ought always to be prepared to receive a gentleman," he said, gravely.

Miss Olivia interrupted him.

"Yes, papa; but perhaps, as Sir Rupert Lisle is coming, we had better send to the Ship, at Brighton, for a couple of French cooks, and a staff of waiters. Mary will never be equal to attending on him."

The Baron felt that she was laughing at him.

"Perhaps you'd rather I didn't come," he said, sheepishly.

"Oh! but think of the honor we should lose, if you stayed away. All Lislewood will be talking of the Prince of Sussex and his Royal Highness's gracious visit."

"Well, what do you think now of that pert, ill-bred girl?" asked Major Varney of the Baronet, as they drove homewards.

"I don't think her ill-bred, at all," muttered Sir Rupert.

"Don't you? Egad! there's only one excuse for her conduct, and that is, her thinking you so," said his friend.

At about four o'clock the next day, the Major and Sir Rupert were ushered into the drawing-room at the Grove. It was a dreary-looking, ill-furnished room, with three windows looking out into the high-road, and hung with damask of a dingy green. Every article of furniture had seen better days. The carpet was faded, the colors in the little water-colored sketch of the late Mrs. Marmaduke were gradually dying out. The veneer upon the table was chipped and scratched; the gilding of the old-fashioned, oval looking-glasses between the windows was tarnished; the chintz that covered the sofas was worn and washed out. In the midst of this dreary apartment, Olivia Marmaduke looked more dazzling than she could have done in the most brilliant ball-room. She wore a simple dress of pink muslin, ornamented with a few careless bows of ribbon. The pale rosy shades contrasted with her thick black hair, which she wore in a mass of plaits at the back of her head. She seemed better disposed towards Major Varney than she had done on the day before; she talked to him a good deal in the course of the evening, and played a game of chess with him, much to the annoyance of Sir Rupert, who could only stand at her elbow and look on. To the surprise of the Major, he was beaten by his fair opponent, who was an excellent chess player. She rattled through some brilliant polkas and waltzes at a little shabby cottage piano, and sang a couple of showy Swiss songs. Sir Rupert listened to the notes as if they had been the hymns of Paradise; but when the other ladies sat down to play long *fantasias*, and to sing Italian *scenas*, the Baronet turned his back on the piano, that he might talk to his enchantress. This evening, it seemed as if the capricious young lady had determined on fascinating the Major as well as his young companion. She talked to him, she laughed at his jokes, and quizzed Sir Rupert Lisle for his edification; she sang and played to him, until the Indian officer must, indeed, have been a strong man to withstand the power of the enchantress. As for Sir Rupert, he only appeared more fascinated when Olivia laughed at him. He followed her about the room, he hung over her when she played and sang. The Colonel had no trouble in entertaining his younger guest, and the four elder ladies looked on with something like envy at their sister's conquest. Sir Rupert tried in vain to get a few minutes' quiet conversation with Olivia. Somehow or other, the Major always occupied the young lady's attention at the very moment that the Baronet had made up his mind to say something tender and complimentary. Towards the close of the evening, Sir Rupert appeared to abandon the hope of approaching his charmer, except in the company of his friend, and he resigned himself sulkily to his fate. He was sulky all the way home; but, as they were taking off their overcoats in the hall, he said, abruptly,

"Well, how do you like her now?"

"No more than I liked her yesterday. She is brilliant, certainly, and she looks handsome by candle light, but she's a consummate coquette, artful and ambitious, heartless and designing. Heaven help the man who marries her! No, I don't like her."

"Then you're an infernal hypocrite!" said Sir Rupert, savagely; "for I'll be hanged if you haven't been making love to her all the evening."

"I always make love to coquettes, my Rupert," Major Varney answered, turning on his heel, and leaving the Baronet standing in the hall.

Sir Rupert Lisle was more fortunate the next morning, for in the course of his morning's ride over the downs he overtook Miss Olivia Marmaduke, attended by her dog Box. She wished him good morning, and he rode by her side for some distance without saying a word beyond the first salutation.

"Well," said the young lady at last, when they had ridden side by side for about ten minutes, "as you don't seem to have very much to say to me, Sir Rupert, I see no reason whatever for my retaining you here, especially," she added, maliciously—for she had a supreme contempt for Sir Rupert's horsemanship—"especially as your mare, no doubt, is dying for a scamper over the hills."

"I don't care for the hills," said the Baronet; "I don't care for anything—at least," he stammered, "that is, only for one thing, only for one person in the whole wide world. I'm the richest man in the county, but I'm very unhappy, and nobody can make me happy but—" He came to a dead stop, and colored scarlet.

"But what, pray?" asked Olivia, flashing her pert black eyes full upon him.

"But you. You will marry me, won't you? You'll be the richest woman in the county of Sussex, if you are my wife; think of that! You shall have any pin money you like to name, or that your father likes to name, and I know he's an old screw. You'll be Lady Lisle. You'll be mistress of the finest estate, and one of the finest houses in Sussex. Will you say yes?"

For one moment Olivia Marmaduke's face grew more thoughtful than Sir Rupert had ever seen it look before. Then she turned to him with a strange laugh.

"You're not very sentimental, Sir Rupert," she said. "You don't ask me for love, or constancy, or devotion; you only ask me to be your wife. Well, on consideration, I think I may say—"

"Yes, yes, yes! You will say yes!" exclaimed the young man, seizing her white hand.

"Very well, then—yes."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAJOR FINDS HIS PUPIL MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sir Rupert Lisle went home in such boisterously high spirits, that the children in the road stopped to stare at the young Baronet, as he galloped furiously past them. He was generally a timid horseman, seldom riding at more than a walking pace, and the man at the lodge wondered what had happened to his master, as Sir Rupert dashed through the gates, and flew along the avenue. When he sprang off his mare at the portico of the house, his face was bathed in perspiration. He took off his white hat, and fanned himself with it, as he ran up the steps. There were some light basket-work lounging chairs amongst the hothouse flowers in the portico. In one of these Major Varney was seated, wrapped in a dressing-gown of gaudy Indian silk, and wearing upon his head a smoking cap, adorned with gold embroidery and tassels. He took his amber-stemmed meerschaum from his mouth as the young Baronet rushed into the portico.

"Is Chichester Cathedral on fire, my Rupert," he said; "and have you come here for the Lislewood Park engine? It is kept in the garden house, I think, and Jacobs, the gardener, has the keys. You had better go to him."

The Major laughed his own melodious laugh at his own little joke, and looked lazily over at the excited Baronet.

"Keep your wit for those that can appreciate it," retorted the young man, sulkily. "Chichester Cathedral might burn down to the ground, and you with it for aught I care."

"Grateful, my Rupert," murmured the Major, parenthetically.

"And all the town of Chichester into the bargain," pursued the young man. "What do I care for anybody, or anything? I'm the happiest man in Sussex, and the richest man in Sussex, and I shall have the handsomest wife in Sussex."

"The—handsomest—wife!" The Major paused between each of these words, lifting his auburn eyebrows higher, and opening his eyes wider with every syllable, till at the last he sat mutely regarding the Baronet, as if utterly unable to recover from the surprise he had experienced. Sir Rupert felt very uncomfortable under the steadfast stare of Major Granville Varney's light blue eyes.

"Don't sit there, gaping at me like that," he said, savagely; "I'm not an exhibition, or a Simese twin, or a pig-faced lady. You haven't paid a shilling for the sight of me, have you? Upon my word," he continued, passionately, "I don't like the way I'm treated, and I won't stand it, either, much longer. Because my education hasn't been as good as it ought to be for a man of my station, and my fortune, and my position in life, I suppose I'm to be bullied, and badgered, and ordered about, and tyrannized over, and stared at by any beggarly Indian officer who chooses to take up his quarters in my house. Once for all, I won't stand it. Do you hear? I won't stand it!"

The Baronet's treble voice rose to a scream of rage and fury as he uttered the last words. Major Granville Varney took two or three puffs from his meerschaum before he made any sign of having even heard this angry outburst. Presently he said, quietly,—

"Sir Rupert Lisle, this is the second occasion on which you have insulted me in this house. Now, as you happen to be the very last person in this house from whom I would consent to excuse an insult, I shall take a very early opportunity of remonstrating with you, in a manner that I think cannot fail to be effectual. In the meantime, I must beg you to be so good as to return to the subject on which you were speaking just now. You said something about a wife, the handsomest wife in Sussex. Pray what did you mean?"

"Why, this is what I meant," roared the Baronet. "I meant that I've made an offer of marriage to Miss Olivia Marmaduke, and that she has accepted it, and that in less than a month she will be Lady Lisle. Do you hear that? Lady Lisle."

This time Major Varney evinced no surprise or emotion whatever. "You've been rather in a hurry, my Rupert," he said, with an amiable smile, "and, on the whole, it would have been better for yourself, and would have saved the young lady a good deal of unnecessary trouble, had you first consulted your friends. But no matter; boys will be boys. You've been a little impetuous, and we must talk it over quietly in the evening."

Sir Rupert Lisle did not stay to hear anything more, but strode out of the portico, banging the glass door behind him. A little Blenheim spaniel, a pet of Mrs. Walsingham's, ran against him as he crossed the hall, and the young man kicked the animal savagely away.

Claribel heard the dog whine, and looked out at the drawing-room door to see what was amiss.

"You'll have to clear away your dogs out of this place in a month, mother," said Sir Rupert. "I'm going to bring a new mistress home to the Park."

"What do you mean, Rupert?" asked his mother.

"I mean that I'm going to be married before a month's over my head. Egad! you all seem so surprised, that one would think I'd no right to choose a wife for myself."

"You might have been a little less impetuous, Rupert, certainly," replied Mrs. Walsingham.

"Ah, yes, of course. That is to say, I might have asked your consent, and Major Varney's consent, and Master Arthur Merton Walsingham, your favorite son's consent. I'll tell you what it is, you're all of you in a plot to keep the upper hand of me, and to make a child of me, but I'm a little bit too clever for you, and I mean to be my own master."

Mrs. Walsingham turned her back upon the Baronet, and re-entered the drawing-room, without making any reply. For some time there had been a coolness between herself and her elder son, which had every day increased. Deeply as she had mourned for his loss, his restoration had been, perhaps, a still deeper grief to her, for she had felt the bitter anguish of the discovery that her child was no longer worthy of her love. Years of association with a cunning and ignorant villain had so warped and changed, as she thought, the innocent mind, and had so estranged the once loving heart, that the mother shuddered, as she became every day more familiar with her new-found son. She did all in her power to conceal this feeling, but in spite of her efforts, Sir Rupert perceived it, and perceived also that Arthur Walsingham was his mother's favorite.

Neither his interview with the Major nor with his mother had helped to improve the Baronet's temper, and in spite of his triumphant pride in having been accepted by Olivia Marmaduke, he remained in his most savage humor all day. To his narrow mind, the quiet manner of Major Varney in the portico had been a convincing proof that the Major feared him, and that he might behave as he pleased to that gentleman.

Throughout the day, therefore, he took every opportunity of insulting and defying him. He boasted of his wealth, and laughed at the other's poverty; he bragged of his wines after dinner, asking the Major if he had ever drunk such claret as that at his mess in Bengal. Encouraged by the Indian officer's quiet demeanor, he grew every hour more insupportable. When remonstrated with by Mrs. Walsingham upon his ungentlemanly conduct, he laughed aloud, and said that the Major didn't mind him; the Major knew when he was in for a good thing, and knew how to stick to comfortable quarters. Mrs. Granville Varney never raised her eyes from her embroidery frame during all these offensive speeches, except once to glance at the Major.

"Tell your wife to sing, Major," said the Baronet, later in the evening; "she can do something to amuse us, if you can't."

"The Prince wishes you to sing, my Adeline," murmured the Major to his wife. "Go to the piano, and get out your music."

Mrs. Varney obeyed her husband's orders in silence, and having seated herself at the piano, selected a quantity of music from the portfolio at her side.

"Ask his Royal Highness what song he will be pleased to command," said the Major.

"Oh, give us something Swiss," answered Sir Rupert; "something lively, with tra, la, la, at the end of the verses. Olivia—I mean Lady Lisle that is to be—sings Swiss songs, and I don't think," added the Baronet, politely, "that anybody else can sing them half as well."

"Mrs Varney cannot, of course, hope to sing as well as the future Lady Lisle," said the Major, quietly; "but she is considered to have a decent voice and some degree of execution, and she will do her best to please your Highness."

Mrs. Varney remained at the piano, pouring out ballad after ballad in her rich and powerful contralto voice. When the young Baronet had had enough, he politely told her she might leave off when she liked, and the lady left the instrument without being bored with any oppressive gratitude from her host for her exertions to please him.

Arthur Walsingham, who was at home for a short visit, looked up from the book which he was reading by his mother's side, and said, gravely—

"Thank you, very much, for your charming singing, Mrs. Varney. My brother would thank you, if he were a gentleman. As he is, unfortunately, nothing of the kind, allow me to do so in his stead."

The boy had been chafing all the evening at Sir Rupert's conduct to his guests, and he would have spoken before, had he not despised the Major for not resenting the Baronet's insolence. Sir Rupert looked at his step brother for a moment, as if he would have made some reply, but said nothing. He and Arthur had had one pugilistic encounter, after which the Baronet had been very scrupulous in his language and conduct with regard to young Walsingham. Mrs. Varney looked gratefully at the boy for his interference.

"Your father was a gentleman, Arthur Walsingham," she said, "though I had little cause to love him, and I think you take after him."

Never had the brilliant Major been so quiet as on this particular evening. He sat in an easy chair by the blazing fire (for the evening was cold and stormy), with his eyes fixed dreamily upon the burning coals, and apparently half unconscious of what was passing around him. But when, at half-past ten o'clock, the Baronet rose from the sofa upon which he had been lolling, with his heels in the air, and walked over to the side table, upon which the tray of bedroom candlesticks had been placed, the Major rose from his easy chair and stood by the table, waiting while Sir Rupert lighted his candle.

"You're all such precious dull company," the Baronet politely remarked, "that I shall go to bed. "Well," he added, turning to the Major, "what are you waiting for? Why don't you light your candle?"

"Because I'm not going to my own room," answered Major Varney. "I'm coming to yours, Sir Rupert Lisle."

Something in the Major's tone struck strangely upon the ear of his host. Sir Rupert looked up, and, meeting his visitor's eyes, turned deadly pale.

"I can't be kept out of my bed for any tomfoolery to-night," he said, hastily. "I'm as sleepy as I can be. If you've anything to say to me, I dare say it'll keep till to-morrow."

"I don't choose that it should keep for another hour, Sir Rupert," answered the Major. "I told you this morning that we must have an explanation at a proper time. This is the proper time. Be so good as to lead the way to your room."

"But I tell you—" the Baronet began.

"Be so good as to lead the way," said Major Varney, firmly, opening the drawing-room door as he spoke.

Sir Rupert hesitated for a moment, but the inflexible face of the Major cowed him to-night, as it had often done before. He took up his candle and led the way to his room in the corridor above. The Major, followed him closely, and, as he entered the room after the Baronet, shut and locked the door behind him, putting the key into his pocket.

It was a magnificent apartment. The wainscot and ceiling of black oak, with the cornices and panels exquisitely carved. One of the panels on the right of the high oak bedstead, was differently carved to the rest, and was ornamented with an oval medallion portrait of a mitred abbot. This was the sliding panel which opened upon the secret stair case. The hangings of the bedstead and windows were of violet velvet, lined with white satin. There was a fire burning in the wide fireplace, but the wood was green and damp. The large apartment looked dark and gloomy, lighted only by the one candle carried by the Baronet.

Sir Rupert watched the Major, as he put the key of the door in his pocket.

"Why have you locked that door?" he asked.

He was as pale as death, and shivered so violently that he was compelled to rest his hand on a table near him for support.

"Because I do not wish to be disturbed in what I have to say to you, Sir Rupert Lisle."

The blue eyes of the Major had an almost awful solemnity; his smiling mouth was fixed and rigid, all that was *debonnaire*, brilliant, and benevolent in his appearance and manner, had given place to one concentrated expression of terrible determination. He was so much a changed man, that, to his pupil and *protege*, it seemed as if he had suddenly let fall some exquisitely modelled mask, to reveal a new set of features that had been hidden beneath it. The Baronet looked furtively towards his dressing-table, where, amidst a crowd of golden-stoppered crystal bottles, there was a morocco case, containing a set of razors.

"Put down your candle, Sir Rupert," said the Major, pointing to the candlestick, which rattled in the young man's shaking hand, "and be so good as to take a chair; I shall not detain you very long."

"I hope you won't," answered the young man, with a ghastly attempt at bravado; "I give you fair warning, that if you talk long, I shall fall asleep in the middle of what you're saying," and he affected a yawn.

"I'm not afraid of your falling asleep in the midst of what I have to say, Sir Rupert Lisle."

"Be quick about it, then, pray. What is it?"

"Sir Rupert Lisle," said the Major, seating himself opposite to the young man, and looking him full in the face, "when people are so blind to their own interests as not to be able to recognize those to whom they owe all they possess, and in whose power it is to destroy as well as to achieve, they are mad, and as madmen they must be treated. Remember that, Sir Rupert! Wiser men than you have dragged out their wretched lives in the dreary cells of a Lunatic Asylum. You have chosen to insult me repeatedly in the course of this day, and I have not chosen to resent your conduct once. Not, mark you, because I have not the power to resent it, but because I have not the inclination. I am, by constitution and temperament, a good-humored man. I defy anybody to say they have ever seen me in a passion, under any provocation whatever. I am not a good man; but I am a good-tempered man. This gives me some influence over the rest of the world. A good-tempered man is always mistaken for a good man. He has a pleasant smile and a joyous laugh; he has no premature wrinkles under his eyes; no hard lines about the corners of his mouth. He may be plotting the ruin of his fellow-creatures, but he will look at them without a frown. If I were compelled to murder a man, I should do it without losing my temper. When I resent an insult or an injury, therefore, I do not resent it by angry words, but by decisive acts. If a man insults me, I can smile and forgive him; if he opposes me or stands in my way, I can still smile and—crush him! Be good enough to bear this in your mind, Sir Rupert Lisle; and beware how you offend *me!*"

The young man had dragged his chair close to the fireplace, and was stooping over the struggling blaze. He wanted the Major to imagine that the shiver, which shook him from head to foot, was occasioned by the cold wind of the October night.

"Nobody wanted to offend you, Major," he said, abjectly. "If there was anything said, of course it was said in joke. You're too penetrating a man not to have seen that it was only a joke. As to friends, why you don't suppose I'm such a fool as not to know that you're my best friend, and that you've restored me to my rights; and as to anything I have, of course you're welcome to share it. There, now, will that do?"

He held out his hand to Major Varney with a sickly smile of conciliation.

"Will that do?" he repeated.

"No," replied the Major, "not yet. There was some talk this morning about a marriage. Did you mean what you said then?"

"I did," said Sir Rupert, his face changing from pale to red.

"Then, if you did entertain such an idea, Sir Rupert Lisle, it will be necessary for you to renounce it."

"To renounce it?"

"Entirely. It does not suit me that you should marry."

"Well, upon my word," said the Baronet, with a forced laugh, "I think you are carrying it a little too far, Major Varney. Of course, as I said before, anything of mine is at your service. You're welcome to the use of my house, and you're welcome to the use of my cheque book; but you're not welcome to interfere with my choice of a wife; that's rather too good a joke!"

"You'll find it very far from a joke, Sir Rupert, if you try to go on with this matter. If there is any engagement between yourself and Miss Olivia Marmaduke, that engagement must be immediately broken off."

"That it shall never be!" exclaimed the Baronet, rising from his seat, and striking his hand upon the table. "That it shall never be! Neither for you nor for any other man breathing, will I give up Olivia Marmaduke. In a month from this day she shall be Lady Lisle."

"Fool!" cried the Major. "No Lady Lisle shall ever enter these doors while I am alive to prevent it. No heir shall ever be born to you, to rob me of the fortune, which, but for me, you would never have possessed. No extravagant woman shall ever waste the thousands, which, but for the combinations of my intellect, would now be in the hands of a stranger. *You* would marry! *You* would bring a mistress to rule over this household! *You* would make Olivia Marmaduke Lady Lisle! *You*, who, but for me, might have lived in a workhouse, or died in a jail: Heaven help you, if you force me to turn against you the engines which for fourteen years have been working for your interests!"

"I don't know what you mean," said the young man, with the sulky determination which, with him, stood in the place of courage; "but I know this—that, come what may, I'll stick to what I said, and Olivia Marmaduke shall be my wife."

"She shall never be Lady Lisle," replied the Major, unlocking the door as he spoke.—"Good night, Lord Lislewood. You have taken your course, and I must take mine.—There are two or three little matters which you evidently do not understand. I shall send Mr. Salamons here to explain them to you."

Sir Rupert undressed and went to bed. He had been asleep about half an hour, when he was awakened by Mr. Alfred Salamons, who stood at the bedside, with a candle in his hand. The young man liked Mr. Salamons much better than he liked that gentleman's master, and he was not at all alarmed by the apparition of the Jewish valet.

"Well, what is it, Salamons?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing very particular; only a few words I have, to say to you from my master."

"Say them quickly then, and let me go to sleep again."

"Why, you see, Sir Rupert," said the valet, looking round the room cautiously, "they say that walls have ears, and you never know when people are on the listen; so as this that I've got to tell you is a bit of a secret, perhaps I had better whisper it."

Mr. Salamons bent his lips close to the Baronet's ear, and whispered two or three sentences.

Sir Rupert Lisle burst out laughing. He laughed till his shoulders shook under the bed-clothes.

"Is that all?" he said, when he had done laughing. "Is that all that such a clever man as Major Granville Varney could send you here to tell me? Tell him, with my compliments, that I've known it all along, and that I shall marry Olivia Marmaduke in less than a month from to-night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 9, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

THE NEW YEAR.

Our Prospectus for the coming year will be found in the present paper.

We announce a new story by Mrs. Wood, to commence about the first of the year,—which we trust will give as much satisfaction as those we have already published from the same gifted writer.

We also announce a Premium in the shape of a Large Colored Map of the Southern States, to be given gratis to all two-dollar subscribers upon the receipt of their subscriptions, and also to those individuals who get up any of the clubs. This Map includes Missouri.

A good Map of the Southern States is almost indispensable at this time. The War news cannot be clearly understood without it. The Map we design sending is a good one—being four feet long by three feet broad, and, owing to its large size, the names of the towns, villages, rivers, railroads, &c., are clearly printed, and can be easily read. With this Map the routes of our armies and naval expeditions can be regularly traced.

Club subscribers, who desire it, will have the Map furnished them by sending on fifty cents in addition to their regular club rates. In all cases the postage on the Maps will be prepaid by us, without extra charge.

We trust our friends will spread the knowledge of our paper and of this Map premium, among their neighbors and friends. And we further trust that we shall hear from many of them, about the beginning of the year, with hosts of new and old subscriptions.

Certainly we have labored hard in the year that is now passing to make both an interesting and instructive paper. Of course we have made mistakes—we claim not to be infallible. But we trust, on the whole, that we have given a fair degree of satisfaction.

Those of our readers who feel like doing a little work for us this season among their neighbors and friends, in the way of getting up new, and renewing old subscriptions, will do us a great favor. Even a good word, at this time of year, when people generally are thinking about subscribing to papers and periodicals, may not be without its effect.

GENERAL FREMONT.

When the Secretary of War recently made a flying visit to the West, he was accompanied by Gen. Thomas, Adjutant General of the United States Army. Gen. Thomas, it appears, was requested by Mr. Cameron "to take full notes upon all points connected with the object of his (the Secretary's) visit;" and those full notes he has submitted in the shape of an official Report to his travelling companion and official superior.

That official Report, containing the gravest charges against the ability and integrity of Gen. Fremont—charges based to a great degree upon mere hearsay and rumor—with other matter of a very important character relative to the bad prospects of the campaign in Kentucky, has found its way into the daily papers.

We use language that is tame in comparison with the offence, when we say that the officials who have permitted, or winked at the publication of the Report in question, have been guilty of an act of the most blamable character.

The Report as a whole is too long for our columns, but we will quote certain passages, in order to show the animus of this official paper, and the valuable character of the information which it furnishes to the enemy. Gen. Thomas says:—

> At Tipton, beside Gen. Fremont and staff, his body-guard, &c., I found a part of Gen. Hunter's 1st division and Gen. Asboth's 4th division.
>
> The force designed to act against Price consists of five divisons:—

1st Division.	Hunter's	at Tipton,	9,750
2d Division.	Pope's	at Georgetown,	9,220
3d Division.	Sigel's	at Sedalia,	7,980
5th Division.	Asboth's	at Tipton,	6,451
6th Division.	McKinstry's	at Syracuse,	5,388
Total,			38,789

There the rebel leaders have it—better than their spies can tell them—the exact array that Fremont is bringing against them. Now for a revealment of affairs in Kentucky, the Secretary and the Adjutant-General being on their way homeward from gathering up evidence in Missouri:—

> We left Indianapolis, Oct. 16, for Louisville, Ky., where we arrived at 12½ o'clock P. M., and had an interview with Gen. Sherman, commanding the Department of Cumberland. *He gave a gloomy picture of affairs in Kentucky, stating that the young men were generally Secessionists, and had joined the Confederates, while the Union men, the aged and Conservatives, would not enroll themselves to engage in conflict with their relations on the other side. But few regiments could be raised.* He said that Buckner was in advance of Green River with a heavy force on the road to Louisville, and an attack might be daily expected, which with the force he had *he would not be able to resist;* but nevertheless he would fight them. He, as well as citizens of the state, said that the border state of Kentucky (probably Ohio or Indiana is meant.—*Ed. Post*) must furnish the troops to drive the rebels from the state. His force then consisted of 10,000 troops in advance of Louisville, in camp at Nolin River, and on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at various points; at Camp Dick Robinson, or acting in conjunction with Gen. Thomas, 9,000; and two regiments at Henderson, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Green River (see paper No. 14.) *On being asked the question, what force he deemed necessary, he promptly replied* 200,000 *men.* This conversation occurred in the presence of Ex-Secretary Guthrie and Gen. Woods. The Secretary of War replied that he supposed that the Kentuckians would not in any number take up arms to operate against the rebels. But he thought Gen. Sherman over-estimated the number and power of the rebel forces; that the government would furnish troops to Kentucky to accomplish the work; but that he (the Secretary) was tired of defensive war, and that the troops must assume the offensive and carry the war to the fire-sides of the enemy, (the very thing that Fremont and his generals are accused of doing.—*Ed. Post*) that the season for operations in Western Virginia was about over, and that he would take the troops from there and send them to Kentucky, but he begged of Gen. Sherman to assume the offensive and to keep the rebels hereafter on the defensive. *The Secretary desired that the Cumberland Ford and Gap should be seized, and the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad taken possession of, and the artery that supplied the rebellion cut straight off.*
>
> Complaint was made of the want of arms, and on the question being asked, What became of the arms we sent to Kentucky? we were informed by Gen. Sherman that they had passed into the hands of the Home Guards and could not be recovered; *that many were already in the hands of the rebels;* and others refused to surrender those in their possession, alleging the desire to use them in defence of their individual homes if invaded. In the hands of individuals, and scattered over the state, *these arms are lost to the army in Kentucky.*
>
> Having ascertained that 6,200 arms had arrived from Europe at Philadelphia, 3,000 of them were ordered to Gov. Morton, who promised to place them immediately in the hands of troops to be sent to Kentucky. The remaining 3,200 were sent to Gen. Sherman at Louisville. Negley's Brigade, at Pittsburg, 2,800 strong, two companies of the 19th Infantry from Indianapolis, the 8th Wisconsin Regiment at St. Louis, the 2d Minnesota Volunteers at Pittsburg, and two regiments in Wisconsin, were then ordered to Kentucky—making in all a re-enforcement for that state of about 10,000 men.
>
> We left Louisville at 3 P. M. for Lexington, accompanied by Gen. Sherman and Mr. Guthrie; remained there a few hours, and then went to Cincinnati. At Lexington, also, we found that the opinion existed that *the young men of Kentucky had joined the rebels; that no large bodies of troops could be raised in Kentucky, and that the defence of the state must necessarily devolve upon the free states of the west and the north-west.* Respectfully submitted.
>
> L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.
>
> Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

There is a pretty mass of official information and gloomy admissions to enlighten, and brighten the hopes of the rebel leaders. This is extending the "able management" of the east to the west with a vengeance. We know that the rebels seem to be informed of all the Potomac movements as soon as they are planned, but we do not see the necessity of Messrs. Cameron and Thomas affording them thus openly a kind of information for which they doubtless pay secret traitors at Washington the largest prices.

We wonder that men who allow such official statements as the above to get into print, should presume to talk about anybody's "incapability."

And now for those portions of General Thomas's report which refer to General Fremont and his management.

Those charges, based mainly upon what Gen. Thomas was *told* by Gen. Curtis, Gen. Hunter, Col. Andrews, Major Allen, and "many intelligent gentleman in St. Louis," impeach Gen. Fremont's character in the following respects—he endorses and sustains corrupt contracts, he overrides at pleasure the rules of the service, and is totally destitute of military ability. Generals Curtis and Hunter—who both complain that Fremont never consults them on military affairs, nor informs them of his plans—are naturally especially confident upon this last point of his incompetency. Here is what the "intelligent gentlemen" say—a class of men whom we have had a great deal of false information from during the war, but whose judgment as to military ability we suppose is to be considered highly reliable. Gen. Thomas says:—

> The opinion entertained by gentlemen of position and intelligence, who have approached and observed him (Fremont) is, that he is more fond of the pomp than of the *stern realities* of war—that his mind is incapable of fixed attention or strong concentration—that by his mismanagement of affairs since his arrival in Missouri, the state has almost been lost—and that if he is continued in command, the worst results may be anticipated. This is the concurrent testimony of a large number of the most intelligent men in Missouri.

We are rather glad to hear that Fremont is not fond of the "*stern* realities" of war. We have had enough of that under the wise management on the Potomac.

As a part of the "pomp" that Fremont is fond of, we suppose the "body guard" is to be included. That body guard, however, has already vindicated itself at Springfield, where it charged from ten to twenty times its strength drawn up in battle array, and drove the rebels from the town. That it was not mere child's play, that charge at Springfield, but worthy to have been led by that lover of "pomp" and gorgeous trappings, Murat, is proven by a loss out of the 160 horsemen of 51 men, killed, wounded and missing!—Among the officers of this body guard are a number of the 200 officers whose commissions the War Department refuses to endorse, and who are considered unworthy to receive pay.

Here is another of Gen. Thomas's charges, which recent events have also thrown some light upon:—

> A pontoon bridge has been erected across the Ohio river, by Gen. Fremont, at Paducah. A ferry boat, in a region where such boats are readily procured, would be just as efficient and much less expensive.

A ferry boat!—why not say at once two flat boats and a scow, such as were employed at Ball's Bluff? Doubtless had Fremont been in Gen. Stone's place, the wretched and incompetent spendthrift, and ruthless cutter of entangling red-tape, would have thrown a pontoon bridge across the Potomac! Alas! we see he has built another bridge—a trestle one across the Osage! instead of trusting to Providence in case of a defeat, as abler generals do.

But hear the wise—and this time prophetic—Gen. Thomas again. He is speaking of Fremont's forces at Tipton:—

> As soon as I obtained a view of the several encampments at Tipton, *I expressed the opinion that the forces there assembled could not be moved*, as scarcely any means of transportation were visible. I saw Gen. Hunter, second in command, and conversed freely with him. He stated that there was great confusion, and that Gen. Fremont was utterly incompetent; that his own division was greatly scattered, and the force there present defective in many respects; that he himself required 100 wagons, but that he was under orders to march that day, and some of his troops were already drawn out on the road. His cavalry regiment (Ellis's) had horses and indifferent arms, but no equipments. The men had to carry their cartridges in their vest pockets—consequently on their first day's march from Jefferson City, in a heavy rain which fell, the cartridges were destroyed. This march to Tipton (35 miles) was made on a mud road, heavy and miry with rains, and parallel to the railroad and but a little distance from it. The troops were directed by Gen. Fremont to march without provisions or knapsacks, and without transportation. A violent rain storm came up, and the troops were exposed to it all night; were without food for 24 hours, and when food was received, the beef was found to be spoiled.

Now, mark the above. General Thomas expressed the opinion "that the forces there assembled could not be moved"—General Hunter, we infer from what is said, thought so too. Hunter seemed to be pretty certain that he could not move—in getting thus far Gen. Hunter seemed to think they had done marvels; Fremont not only ordering them to march without provisions or knapsacks, but even getting up "a mud road, heavy and miry," with a "violent rain storm" (doubtless Fremont's work also) for their express accommodation. Yes, very clear it was to Generals Thomas and Hunter that "the forces assembled (at Tipton) *could not be moved.*"

And yet, wonderful to relate, they were moved! This outrageously willful general who would not "consult" with his second in command—a thing "never before heard of in military annals," since the last time—absolutely did succeed in moving them! As we write this, this incompetent and inefficient general has actually done that which the wise man direct from the remarkably efficient campaign on the Potomac had said could not be done, and is already at Springfield—having been detained several days in building a bridge over the Osage, instead of economically attempting to cross that river in two flat boats and a scow!

Why, there must be truth in the old pr

verb—"a fool for luck." And the Administration, it seems, hit it after all, in picking out a natural born fool—one whose mind "is incapable of *fixed* attention and *strong concentration*"—as one of the four Major-Generals of the regular service. No one will accuse the commanders on the Potomac of being incapable of "*fixed* attention and *strong concentration*"—such men for *fixedness* and *concentration* in one place, have not often been surpassed. But, speaking seriously, does not this sage Adjutant-General know that Napoleon said, in effect, that an army which waits till all is ready, will never move. Has he never read the history of those famous Napoleonic campaigns, where men lay down on frozen ground, without tents, in the night, and got up to win victories on the morrow? Napoleon held that the more an army could be disembarrassed of all camp equipage, and the men taught to depend upon themselves in primitive fashion, the better for rapid and victorious war. How do the rebels manage to make such rapid movements as Price has made in Missouri, but by going prepared or unprepared?

But one word here as to Fremont's situation. What was it? With his army as Gen. Hunter describes it, a hot cry was opened on him at Washington for not clearing Price out of Missouri. If he does not move, he is voted incapable. If he does move, fault is still found with him. He has moved—Price has been driven to the lower counties of Missouri—does this make any difference in the hue and cry? Not a particle.

As to Gen. Hunter, he complains that one of his two regiments was taken from him—leaving him only one. This general writes on one occasion, when ordered to march:—

TIPTON, Mo., Oct. 12, 1861.

Colonel:—I have received the general's order directing my division to move in the morning. But one-half of my division has yet reported. Col. Ellis's Cavalry are without ammunition, cartridge-boxes, swords, pistols, and great-coats, and many of them are greatly in want of clothing.

The men of the Indiana batteries are in want of great-coats, clothing and ammunition. Requisitions have been sent in for ambulances, but they have not been furnished. Some of our mules are unshod, and we shall have them lame and unserviceable, unless we can be furnished with portable forges and blacksmith's tools. About fifty tents are needed for the division. As we shall have to send our teams back for provisions after four days' march, we should not leave here with less than 60,000 rations, as we cannot calculate on their return in less than fifteen days to our camp, even if we should remain stationary at the end of our four days' march.

The cavalry regiment has not a wagon, and Col. Palmer's and Col. Blond's have neither of them sufficient for their baggage.

To enable us to move efficiently we need at least 100 wagons and the ambulances already ordered to be supplied to the division by the general commanding.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, D. HUNTER,
Major-General commanding.

Of course, they "*needed*" all the above, in one sense—not a doubt of it. But if Fremont had waited for them, he would be at Tipton to this day. With red-tape officials in St. Louis balking him at every step—with Government officials at Washington apparently anxious to trip him up—with the eastern press howling at his back for an advance—he had nothing to do but go forward, if the men went barefoot and in their shirts. As to the "60,000 rations" that Gen. Hunter speaks of, probably they found them along their route—and if they did, under the circumstances, who can blame them? They doubtless gave receipts to Union men for all they took, and the Government is bound to reimburse the loyal sufferers.

As to the charges relative to corruption in the buying of blankets, arms, &c., we say nothing, because we yet know very little. We have as yet scarcely the charges—mainly mere outlines of charges—and almost nothing of the defence. Things generally look a little different after both sides are heard—and Gen. Thomas is evidently a prosecuting attorney, not a judge. He gives us Gen. Curtis's and Gen. Hunter's opinion of Fremont, but he does not give us that of Gen. Sigel, or that of Gen. Sturgis, or that of Gen. McKinstry. His inquiries seem to have lain in the most part among those whom Fremont had offended—perhaps Fremont's friends could have afforded some satisfactory explanations.

We have alluded to the criminality of publishing to the world an official Report, containing the information that this Report contains. With another consideration of a similar character, we will close these remarks.

Gen. Fremont is in the field—in front of the enemy. He is accused of acting in disregard of the rules of the service. *Is this mode of attacking him in accordance with the rules of the service?* Is it in accordance with those rules to send the Adjutant General to the headquarters of a Major General in order to consult his subordinate officers and intelligent civilians as to his military ability—and, having made up a long, one-sided record against him, expressed in the severest terms, to publish it in the newspapers? Is this *military?* Is this promotive of proper discipline?

We know not what others may think—but we can surmise what the great heart of the country will say to such proceedings.—We think it will strike thousands as it does us, that such measures savor of a predetermined purpose to condemn Fremont, whether worthy or unworthy. It will be difficult to make large numbers of intelligent men believe that his Proclamation—and more particularly the applause it met with—are not really at the bottom of the whole wretched business. Whether this view be correct or not, it will be extensively held. For thousands will say that, if Fremont be incompetent, his incompetency will soon make itself manifest in the field; while, if competent, we can well afford to pardon him some errors in overlooking or over-riding the routine of the service, and a little love of pomp—granting that such things exist, of which we are by no means convinced. SUCCESS IN THE FIELD is what the country wants, and whether it comes from the hands of a simpleton and a spendthrift, or of a wise and economical man, it is the one thing, of all others, that we cannot afford to dispense with.

Pennsylvania and the War.

We have at length something official relative to the number of troops raised in the Keystone State. We learn from a responsible source that the facts as stated below are "*substantially correct.*"

Under the first or three months' requisition, Pennsylvania furnished 25 regiments, numbering in the aggregate 20,175 men. The term of service of these expired in July last.

Of the regiments enlisted for three years, or during the war, she has now in the service:—

50 *Regiments*, of which 6 are rifle Regiments, and 6 *Companies* of infantry, numbering	55,407
6 *Regiments* of cavalry, numbering	6,628
1 *Regiment and 3 Companies* of artillery, numbering	1,545
making an aggregate in service of	63,580
If to this be added the men of Pennsylvania enlisted in Western Virginia, in the District of Columbia volunteers, in the Maryland brigade, in regiments along the northern border of the state, and in Philadelphia for regiments of other states, estimated at	6,400
the above aggregate of men now *in service* is swollen to	69,980

In addition to the above Pennsylvania has 29 Regiments and 6 Companies of infantry, cavalry and artillery preparing for the field. Of these she has *now in camp, ready to go into active service*,

9 *Regiments* of infantry, numbering	9,423
3 *Regiments* of cavalry, numbering	3,414
making an addition of	12,837
to the	69,980
—now in service,	
and showing *Pennsylvanians* actually in the field to the number of	82,817
When the remaining 17 *Regiments* and 6 *Companies*, numbering	18,253
men, now preparing, shall be ready to enter the service, which is expected will be accomplished within the next six weeks,	
It will appear that Pennsylvania's contribution to the war (*exclusive* of the 20,175 three months' men) will be	101,070

The Quota of men to be furnished by Pennsylvania for the army of 500,000 is 75,000 men. It will be seen that the number already in the service, and ready for service in camp, is 76,417—or 1,417 above our quota—without counting the 6,400 men estimated to have enlisted in the service of other states.

But Pennsylvania is not stopping with doing her duty. She has a force of 18,253 men in addition, preparing for the field, and which force, it is thought, will be ready in six weeks. And, with over 100,000 men in the field, Pennsylvania thinks she will be entitled, as of old, to her proud claim of being

THE KEYSTONE OF THE FEDERAL ARCH!

THE QUAKER COUNTIES.

The following fact is officially stated relative to the enlistment of volunteers in Pennsylvania:—

Notwithstanding the social and religious organization of our communities renders a vast portion of our people conscientious on the subject of bearing arms against their fellow-men in any cause or for any purpose, in Philadelphia, Delaware, Montgomery, Bucks and Chester counties, where the Quaker sentiment and religion to a large extent prevail, the enlistment of men was immense—and in counties also where the Mennonite sect numbers a vast portion of the population, the same energy was manifested to swell our army and contribute financially to the support of the government.

We do not believe there ever was a war in which the Quakers and other peace men enlisted so largely and heartily as in the present one. We have heard of one member of the society of Friends who got up a regiment at his own expense. These men are as much friends of peace as ever they were—but they know that we shall never have any lasting peace in this country, until we put down this faithless and unprincipled rebellion. Col. Baker's father was a Friend; and Lieutenant Colonel Wistar (wounded at Ball's Bluff,) of a well-known Quaker family of this city.

LOW PRICES.

A correspondent in Reynolds, Ind., under date of Oct. 21, says:—

Everything here in the shape of provisions is very low. Corn is selling for 15 cents per bushel, oats from 12½ to 15 cents, wheat 75 cents, potatoes 15 cents a bushel, beans 75 cents, butter 6¼ cents a pound, eggs 5 cents a dozen, beef 3 to 4 cents per pound, pork 4 cents, &c. Fat cattle rate at $1,50 to $2,00 per 100 pounds gross, hogs $2,50 per 100 pounds gross, and everything else in about the same proportion, and all in the greatest abundance. If you want to live cheap and get fat, come out to Indiana; and if you should happen to escape the ague, you are all right.

If our friend had not let fall that last unfortunate remark about the ague, we don't know but that we would have packed up and gone West immediately. For everything in Philadelphia, except the wheat, is about three to four times the above prices. Potatoes, for instance, are 60 cents a bushel—butter 25—beef 12 to 14 cents, &c. When we go West, however, we shall probably give the preference to some town that is "no great shakes" of a place, even if we are not entirely suited in other respects.

FERRETS.—In answer to a recent question by a subscriber, a gentleman of this city informs us that he has ferrets for sale; the price being ten dollars a pair, with instructions how to feed them, &c. Any letter sent to us will be handed to the gentleman in question.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PREMIUM FOR 1862.

A LITERARY AND NEWS PAPER!

STORIES, SKETCHES, WAR NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

Those wishing to economize in these war times, cannot, we think, do better than to subscribe for that "oldest and best of the weeklies," THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. For the small price of *two dollars* a year, (down to *one dollar*, in *clubs*,) a paper is sent, containing a summary of all the

IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE WEEK,

at the same time that ample space is devoted to STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, CHOICE RECEIPTS, AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARKETS, POETRY, HUMOROUS ARTICLES, EDITORIALS, &c.

We design commencing the new year with a story from the talented pen which has heretofore afforded our readers so much pleasure. The new story will be called

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT;

OR,

A LIFE'S SECRET.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "THE MYSTERY," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

We also announce an admirable PREMIUM for these war times,

A LARGE COLORED MAP

OF THE SLAVEHOLDING STATES.

THIS MAP IS FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

It comprises all the Slaveholding States: the States are in different colors: the Counties, Towns, Villages, Harbors, Rivers and Forts are given: the Railroads, their stations and distances, are also laid down: the whole Map being compiled from the latest government and other reliable sources. The importance of this Map, in enabling the reader of the War News to understand all land or sea movements in the Southern States, need not be enlarged upon. Without a Map, and a good one, the War News must be more or less unintelligible to the reader. This Map is, as we have said, *four feet in length by three feet in breadth!* EVERY PERSON SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THESE MAPS—AND ONE OF THEM WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO **THE POST,** ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE COMING YEAR. TO TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE COUNTRY, THEY WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, UPON RECEIPT OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS, (*the postage being prepaid by us!*)

ONE OF THESE LARGE COLORED MAPS WILL ALSO BE SENT GRATIS TO EVERY PERSON WHO GETS UP A CLUB FOR **THE POST,** (*the postage being prepaid by us!*)

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☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent when requested, gratis.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THOSE BLANKETS.

The following is one of General Thomas's charges against General Fremont:—

Captain Edward M. Davis, a member of his staff, received a contract by the direct order of General Fremont for blankets. They were examined by a board of army officers, consisting of Captain Hendershott, 4th Artillery; Captain Harris, Commissary of Subsistence, and Captain Turnley, Assistant Quartermaster. The blankets were found to be made mostly of cotton, and to be rotten and worthless. Notwithstanding this decision, they were purchased and given to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital.

In answer to this, Mr. Davis, who is now in Philadelphia, publishes a card in which he says:—

1. That General Fremont did not give him any contract for blankets, or anything else.

2. That he is not an officer of General Fremont's body guard.

3. That he is an Assistant Quartermaster-General, regularly appointed by *President Lincoln*, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." The following is Mr Davis's card:—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31, 1861.

To Brigadier-General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. Army.

It is important I should correct, without delay, some errors in reference to myself, which I find in your published report to the Secretary of War, under date of October 28, 1861.

General Fremont did not give me any contract for blankets, or for anything else. As a regularly appointed Assistant Quartermaster, by the President nominated, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed by him, (as my commission states,) I presume I was legally competent, and, by law, bound, to make such purchases as my commanding General ordered me to do. The blankets you refer to were a portion of my purchases. The "Board" that condemned them did report that they were "rotten and worthless." When the report reached General Fremont he sent for me, and, expressing great displeasure, required that the blankets should be returned. I assured him that there must be some mistake in the report, and requested him to suspend his approval of it. I re-examined the samples by which the goods were bought, found them not to be rotten and worthless, but, commercially speaking, sound. As some of the goods cost not much over a dollar a blanket, and the lot, on an average, about $1,40 each, as near as I can remember, and were part cotton, they could not be as strong or as serviceable as goods composed only of wool, and costing from three to four dollars each.

Although mortified by the report, I was satisfied the purchase was a good one, that the goods were sound, and that if they would not suit for one purpose they would for some other, where they were equally needed by the Department. I manifested my opinion with some earnestness to those with whom I came in contact, made a written report to the General of my view of the affair, and asked that a committee of merchants should be appointed to examine the blankets. Whilst the commanding General had my request under consideration, one of the "Board" who had condemned them, came to my office, and said to me, the Board of survey would like the General to allow them to re-examine the goods. This was granted by the General, and a new survey was ordered by Assistant Adjutant-General Kelton. I was present, and we found that whilst some of the blankets, those weighing from five to six and three quarters pounds per pair, could not be torn by us, the lowest priced ones could. One member of the Board who seemed to have the most objection to receiving them, said that what he meant by the word "rotten," in the original report, was, "not fit for soldiers in the field." I was sure his motive was good, for his anxiety was that each soldier should have an all wool blanket, not to weigh less than four pounds, and to be army standard in size.

The blankets were as well suited to the use of the army during the last three months as standard blankets will be for the coming six. I do not know what the second report was, but as I was informed some days after the second inspection, by the Assistant Quartermaster, who was at the head of the Clothing Department, that I could now have a receipt for the blankets, and that they had been issued, I considered the affair satisfactorily settled. I do not *know* that they were not sent to the hospital, but upon a fuller examination, I think it will be found that they were not. But even if they were, I do not see that this should reflect discredit upon those engaged in the transaction.

In Exhibit H., published by you, I find my name in the list as one of the officers in the body-guard. From your report I infer that your information comes from the Paymaster's office. It is entirely incorrect, as you may ascertain from Col. Andrews, if you think proper to inquire of him.

I can only account for the misstatements you have made in reference to myself, from the fact that when you were in St. Louis I was confined to my bed, and that you presumed from the reports you saw and heard, that you had the whole truth before you in reference to these affairs.

Very respectfully,
E. M. DAVIS,
Assistant Quartermaster.

Just to think of Adjutant General Thomas making such a blunder. He thought he had got hold of one of Fremont's appointments, and it turns out to be one of President Lincoln's! Mr. Davis's statement bears on the face of it, the evidence of its being the simple truth—and so one important charge is disposed of.

A NEW FLAG.—Some of the Southern papers suggest that the Confederacy should discard the Stars and Stripes altogether. A flag like that used by Koskiusco, when fighting the battles of freedom in Poland, is proposed—a plain blue field, with a white eagle.

We would suggest a red field, with a turkey-buzzard; though the "blue" field might indeed be considered emblematical of that condition which the love of whiskey so frequently reduces the rebels to. As for the turkey-buzzard, no bird could be more appropriate. It is a genuine southern bird, and is extremely fond of Charleston and other ultra secession localities. Besides, the Union has already appropriated the eagle, as well as the stars and stripes. It would be to bow to a northern idea to take the eagle for an emblem; while the turkey-buzzard has not been appropriated by any nation. The tastes and habits of the turkey-buzzard also render it an appropriate emblem for the rebel conthieveracy.

☞ A Missouri subscriber not long since wrote us that he had sold a lot of cattle "on condition that Fremont whipped Price." He says further that we of the loyal states have but a faint conception of things in Missouri.

PLEASANT.

We recently received the following little epistle from Woodstock, Vermont:—

GENTLEMEN:—We cannot receive your most excellent paper from week to week, without writing you how much it is prized by us. We know that the arduous duties of editors leave them but little time to attend to correspondents aside from their contributors, but our note shall be brief. Your stories cannot be excelled. "The Mystery" was indeed everything its title foretold. Your paper is the *only* one we have seen whose editors have not changed, as it were, with every wind. A fair and impartial account of the war and its principal actors is by you always given. Rest assured that not only we, but *all* that read your valuable paper, will esteem you for the independent course you pursue. That your lives may be long and happy, and every effort crowned with success, are the wishes of two

LADY READERS.

Now, is not that a pretty little note to come spontaneously from two lady readers all the way up in the green mountain state?—showing, as it does, that there are at least a few who appreciate our editorial labors. We, for our part, have an idea that Woodstock must be one of the prettiest towns in Vermont—and its people, its ladies especially, intelligent even for New England.

RETIREMENT OF GEN. SCOTT.

The veteran head of the army has at length concluded to retire from the position he has so long adorned. In a letter to the Secretary of War, dated Oct. 31st, he says:—

For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that a repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man.

It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the southern states of our so late prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service.

As this request is founded on an absolute right granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say that it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times, from the orders of a President who has treated me with distinguished kindness and courtesy—whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty and of unrivalled activity and perseverance.

And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands, and have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your obedient servant,

[Signed] WINFIELD SCOTT.

A noble and beautiful letter that!

At a special meeting of the Cabinet, Gen. Scott's request was acceded to, and the command of the Army unanimously devolved upon Gen. McClellan. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Cabinet again waited upon the President, and attended him to the residence of Gen. Scott. On being seated, the President read to the General the following order:—

On the 1st day of November, A. D., 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence or allowances.

The American people will hear with sadness and deep emotion that Gen. Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and the unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union and the flag, when assailed by a parricidal rebellion.

[Signed] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Gen. Scott acknowledged the above compliment in the warmest terms—and the President responded thereto. Gen. McClellan in accepting "*the command of the armies of the United States*" pays a fitting tribute to his heroic predecessor. He concludes his "general order" as follows:—

While we regret his loss, there is one thing we cannot regret—the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be passed in peace and happiness, and that they may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for and loved so well. Beyond that, let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us. Let no defeat of the army he has so long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

[Signed] GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-Gen. Comd'g U. S. A.

A COMPLIMENT.—Col. Evans, who commanded the rebels at Ball's Bluff, was made a brigadier on the field "for having achieved a grand victory with 2,500 men, over a Union force of ten thousand." That is, our 2,000 men fought like *ten thousand!*

The rebels, with their usual modesty, also claim the capture by their forces of six rifled cannon; although our troops had only one rifled gun in the field, with two howitzers, which latter were thrown into the Potomac.

THE PROBABLE REASON.—Many "intelligent gentlemen" of St. Louis, according to Adjutant General Thomas, think that Gen. Fremont is not sufficiently acquainted with the "stern realities" of war. Probably this is the reason that certain members of the cabinet have been keeping up "a fire in his rear."

BAD TASTE.—Some of our daily contemporaries style the Naval Expedition the Great Armada; considering the object and fate of a former Great Armada, it seems to us in very questionable taste.

GENERAL HOUSTON.—It is reported both from Nashville and Galveston, that "old San Jacinto" is dead. Probably the declaring himself a rebel killed him.

BALL'S BLUFF.

About the only portion of Gen. Stone's official report which bears upon the last blunder on the Potomac, is the following paragraph:—

After Col. Devens's second advance, Col. Baker went to the field in person, and it is a matter of regret to me that he left no record of what officers and men he charged with the care of the boats, and insuring the regular passage of troops. If any were charged with this duty, it was not performed, for the reinforcements as they arrived found no one in command of the boats, and great delays were thus occasioned. Had one officer and a company remained at each landing, guarding the boats, their full capacity would have been made serviceable, and sufficient men would have been passed to secure success.—The forwarding of artillery before its supporting force of infantry, also impeded the rapid assembling of an imposing force on the Virginia shore. If the infantry force had first crossed, a difference of 1,000 men would have been made in the infantry line, at the time of attack, probably enough to have given us the victory.

This matter requires an investigation, which, it is *said*, Gen. Stone will solicit. If we were to imitate certain parties, we should lay the whole blame on Gen. McClellan, because he is the Major General in command. But we do not suppose that it is a Major General's business to attend to everything—although Gen. Hunter, out in Missouri, seems to think so.

The blame in this case evidently lies between Gen. Stone and Col. Baker—if blame can be said to lie at the tomb of one so noble and gifted even long enough to be washed out by the patriot's blood and the nation's tears. The fact of Gen. Stone's being in the regular service proves but little—regularly educated military leaders may make blunders as well as anybody else. In fact we are now in some danger of over-estimating the advantages of a military education, forgetful that many of the greatest generals that ever lived learned all they knew of war in war itself.

COMPARATIVE LOSS SO FAR OF THE UNION AND REBEL FORCES.—The New York Commercial Advertiser gives a list of the actions so far, with the losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The record sums up as follows:—

UNION.

Killed, 969; Wounded, 2,041; Prisoners, 2,374.

REBEL.

Killed, 4,049; Wounded 1,604; Prisoners, 2,808.

These figures, however, do not include the killed and wounded of scouting parties, of which there is no official record.

SHODDY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—I notice in your paper of Oct. 5th, an article on "Shoddy," which, with one exception, was very correct. It said that the fine "stuff" that accumulates in the lining of coats is "shoddy," which I beg to correct by saying that it is the flocks that is fulled into the cloth on the back part of it that rubs off, not the shoddy, as the writer of that article supposes. The shoddy is twisted into the thread (and in fine cloth very little of it), so that it is impossible to rub out. I know that the public in general think that it is the shoddy that rubs out instead of the flocks. I have had a great deal of experience in a "shoddy" factory, and I will say that "shoddy" is indispensable in certain kinds of work, while at the same time it is a nuisance in some other kinds, if used too freely. In satinets it does the most good, as it gives a solidness to the thread. You may use these few remarks as you think proper. Yours, &c., JAMES HARRISON.

Kenrico Woollen Factory, N. Y.

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.—The expedition started from Fortress Monroe on Tuesday morning, of last week. The following order was sent out with the commanders of the forces accompanying the expedition:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Oct. 14, 1861.

Sir:—In conducting military operations within states declared by the proclamation of the President to be in a state of insurrection, you will govern yourself, so far as persons held to service under the laws of such states are concerned, by the principles of the letters addressed by me to Major-General Butler on the 30th of May and the 8th of August, copies of which are herewith furnished to you. As special directions, adapted to special circumstances, cannot be given, much must be referred to your own discretion, as Commanding-General of the expedition. You will, however, in general avail yourself of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer them to the National Government; you will employ such persons in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employees, or, if special circumstances seem to require it, in any other capacity, with such organization, in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you deem most beneficial to the service. This, however, not to mean a general arming of them for military service. You will assure all loyal masters that Congress will provide just compensation to them for the loss of the services of the persons so employed. It is believed that the course thus indicated will best secure the substantial rights of loyal masters and the benefits to the United States of the services of all disposed to support the Government, while it avoids all interference with the social systems of local institutions of every state, beyond that which insurrection makes unavoidable, and which a restoration of peaceful relations to the Union, under the Constitution, will immediately remove.

Respectfully,
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Brigadier General T. W. SHERMAN, commanding expedition to the Southern coast.

GENERAL JAMES H. LANE, of Kansas, has made a requisition upon the War Department for a corps of engineers and sappers and miners. The Department, however, does not recognize his authority as commander of a brigade, and refuses to honor his requisition.

☞ Only shoe that never wears out—"The rich Irish brogue."

☞ If Adam and Eve got married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early marriages or late.

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

A LOVE SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," GENTLEMAN.

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds returning,
Or field flowers' blossoming above the wintry mould,
Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
Love with love's youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and ladye-love, queen of boyish passion,
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we cannot love save one.

Dearest and bonniest! though blanched those curling tresses,
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin hand of thine,—
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine!

So let the world go round with all its sights and sinning,
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er pleasures past:
That which it calls love's end to us was love's beginning;—
I clasp arms about thy neck and love thee to the last.

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

"Well, Mary, you have had large experience of life; you began early in the families of the poor, and by fidelity to your duties and an ambition to perform them well, you have passed upward, and for years have spent your whole time as monthly nurse in families of wealth, position, and refinement. Now, according to your observation, who are the happiest people?"

"Mechanics' families, ma'am, who are a little fore-handed."

The answer was given with such promptness, and so unhesitatingly, that the mind of the worthy woman must have been made up on mature reflection, and with easy decision.

The answer merits the profound attention of every intelligent parent, and is exceedingly suggestive. The dialogue took place under the circumstances narrated, and without assent or denial, strong reasons may be given for the correctness of the old woman's reply. A lady said to us, just about twenty years ago, that her husband, then deceased, allowed her twenty thousand dollars a year to spend in Paris, while he pulled the political wires at Washington as a Senator. "But I was not happy, because politics was an idol before me. I never could be induced to marry a public man again."

The returns of the Registrar-General of France show that the middle classes live an average of eleven years longer than day-laborers and the poor.

Our own observation tells us that the sons and daughters of the wealthiest seldom leave heirs to reach maturity, unless those heirs, by reverses, had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and shove the plane or wield the axe or speed the plough. Mechanics usually begin life poor, and when both husband and wife have a good share of common sense, they soon unite in their aims, ambitions, industries, and economies, with the result of a gradual increment of their substance. They live in a plain, unostentatious and inexpensive way. The high are so high above them, that they are saved the expense of aping them in style of living, and saved, too, the eating anxieties and cutting mortifications of that most unwise and most unfortunate class of persons who make their whole existence an extended torture, in the weary effort to climb into a sphere in which they have never moved, the frequent, frequent cause of the sad wreck of family happiness.

The class above noticed, instead of wasting their attention and their energies in this direction, expend them on the furtherance of their fortune, in the improvement of their pecuniary condition, by curbing immoderate desires. They are not disturbed by any envy toward neighbors who seem to be getting along faster than they are; they derive a quiet happiness in knowing that all they have is paid for; that they have gone nobody's security. Now and then when they see something which would greatly add to their substantial comfort, or would save labor, or protect furniture or clothing, and they have not the means of paying for it, there is a sweetness to them in saving and even in practicing self denials, until the money is not only earned but in hand, ready to purchase on "the best terms for cash." And the very fact that they have gotten it for less than those who did not pay in hand, gives additional satisfaction; for the difference in price is that much money got without having to work for it. They bring the article home, and talk about its price, and look at it, and turn it over and over again, and appropriate it to its uses with a quiet enjoyment which of itself is worth money; and that is the last of it; while the neighbor who bought on credit, begins, after a short time, to count the days when it is to be paid for, and as the period comes nearer, the uneasiness becomes greater, and with it, actual disquietude. Later on, bills receivable are not met as was expected, then come irritation and anxiety. The children see it; the wife sees it; all know the cause, and peace and happiness and quiet do not dwell in that household; and long before the purchased article is paid for, the pleasure of possession or display has been eaten up, while there is more bitterness in store.

The "fore-handed mechanic," who has the decision to resist the purchase of any coveted article until he has the money to pay for it, finds no trouble, when business reverses come upon a community, in deciding to take in sail while the storm is yet in the distance. He begins to economize, and has got used to it before his neighbors have been able to bring their minds to a decision that it must be done; for few people like to come down, and rather protract the struggle to keep up appearances, in the hope that the times will get better, and they need not make any change. But oh! how wearily the days pass away, when one is waiting for the hard times to go by, when the meanwhile is spent in painful make-shifts, subterfuges, temporary expedients, and heart-aching sacrifices!

Incomputable are the drawn-out agonies of merchants and bankers and brokers, of clerks, and all salaried persons, in hard times, or even in monetary shocks, which may occur in any week of any year. During these, all domestic happiness, peace, and comfort must be eaten out, and they live a year's suffering in a week. Not so with the "fore-handed mechanic." He bows before the storm of crises with the facility of the reed, and while the angry elements rage above, lies in quiet composure, with the sweet consciousness of perfect safety. There is another element of happiness in our "fore-handed mechanic:" while he and his wife worked into each other's hands, they grew to love each other more in their mutual efforts for bettering their condition. It was a happiness to them to help one another, to save labor and trouble to each other, and their children gradually grew up imbibing the same spirit and temper and feelings; nothing was a trouble to them which in the least saved trouble or money to father and mother; on the contrary, it was a pride and a pleasure and an ambition to save, to help, and to practice self-denial, in the hope of an easier future, which to all was becoming more apparent every day. Hence the happiness!

We see a man every Sunday, who said to his newly-married daughter last year:—"My child, go and get you a house for fifteen thousand dollars, and I will furnish it for you." After traversing the city for a month, she said:—"Father, I can't find any house that will make us comfortable for less than twenty thousand; can't you get it for us?"

He gave her the title-deed; ordered Sloan to put down the carpets, and Meeks to supply the furniture; Houghwout made the china, Tiffany the silver, Mercier the upholstery, and Berrian the etceteras of the kitchen, pantry, laundry, etc. In short, everything was procured to her hand, without even the trouble of choosing.

But think you, reader, that this young woman, at the moment of her taking possession of it all, and in any month later, experienced as sweet a satisfaction as does any wife who has helped her husband to earn the money to purchase their first Brussels carpet for their "best room?" Not a bit of it! To get a thing as a gift is pleasant, is gratifying, but to obtain it by mutual individual effort, especially if it has cost some self-denial, is a sweet delight, to which the pampered child of fortune must be forever a stranger. The editor will feel rewarded for writing this, if it shall persuade one subscriber to determine to give each son a good trade; and that each daughter shall feel it her duty to wait upon her mother, to learn to keep house economically, to prepare a sumptuous meal, to spread an appetizing table, to cut and make her own garments, and thus be worthy of a good husband, and be able to help him.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Eating One's Companions.—A story is told of a French Zouave who was asked his opinion of the English soldiers after the Crimean campaign. "Ah," said he, "set them down in an engagement ready prepared and well fed, and no man can fight better; but let them get into misery or distress, and no men know less how to get themselves out of it. Par example, our battalion was encamped beside an English regiment which had a magnificent buck-goat; the cavalry horses of their army had no forage, and the poor beast, getting no food sickened and died. At this time the soldiers that he belonged to where without rations to eat, or fire to warm themselves with; and what do you think they did? Why, they collected some board, made a coffin, and buried the buck; my comrade, and myself, shocked at such a waste of good things, took the poor animal up that same *parole d'honneur*, we had three good fires from his coffin, delicious messes from his flesh for seven days, and for the rest of the campaign we slept upon his skin, which kept us from damp and saved us from sickness. Now what do you think of the English soldier after such a piece of folly as this? I have my cat, I carry him on my sack, and he comes under the fire with me, as you may perceive from his having lost a fore foot. I love and nourish him, and he in return will, should there be a necessity, provide me with two days' good living."

The Age of the Guano Deposits.—Mons. Boussingault, the celebrated French chemist, in a late paper contributed to the Academy of Science, shows that the age of modern alluvions does not extend beyond historical times, whereas old alluvions date from the period immediately preceding that at which man first began to inhabit the earth; so that the guanaes or cormorants, and other allied birds, which deposit guano, must have existed thousands of years before man, seeing that the lower layer of guano is sometimes fifteen or twenty yards in depth, while the old alluvial crust above it, has a thickness of upwards of three yards.

☞ It is suggested that a corps of spies should be organized by the Federal government. Judging from the intimate acquaintance that the rebels have with all our plans almost as soon as they are formed, we should say that the Federal government has already spies enough in its service to form a *corps d'armee.*

☞ What eyes has Rosecrans fixed on Floyd? His Buckeyes, to be sure.

MILITARY SCIENCE:

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The present system of tactics—that is, the rapid over the slow—is but a return to the old style of combat; and we find that as the change of fashion is but a repetition of the old, so in military affairs there is in the use of the bayonet a return to the hand-to-hand conflict of ancient days. It is quite strange to note how the science of war has been controlled, and even shaped, by the notions and prejudices of men. There has not been a great mind in military service for the last eighteen centuries, who has not left his mark on his age. One important fact has been established by the experience of ages, whatever may be the reaches of military science—personal strength and physical power will turn the scale. The only exceptions to this rule are found in the campaigns of Cæsar with the Gauls. For instance, the ancient Athenians were considered a match with the Persians at one to ten; and at Marathon ten thousand of the former routed one hundred thousand of the latter in a pitched battle; yet one Spartan, owing to his superiority of nerve and vigor, was equal to six Athenians, as the latter in time learned to their cost.—In ancient days a tolerable substitute for artillery was found in chariots of war, which were as fearful then as a battery would be at present. Alexander the Great, carrying out his father's system, got a new idea in the famous Macedonian Phalanx. This was a body of veterans, whose march was in close column of wedge-shape, and whose charge at the close of an action was irresistible. With thirty thousand of such troops, aided by levies among the conquered, Alexander subdued one-half of Asia, and penetrated to what is now British India. In three battles the Persian Empire was destroyed, and in one of these actions three hundred thousand were said to have been slain. After this era, the Phalanx fell into disuse. The use of elephants, so common in India, even to a late day, never got in vogue in other nations.—Pyrrhus, the Epirote, in his invasion of Italy, at first terrified the Romans with a squadron of these animals, whose charge of ivory bayonets had never been heard of before. Twice the invaders triumphed, though at such expense of blood that their leader remarked that one more such victory would ruin him. At the next battle the Romans assailed the elephants with fire-balls, whose blaze drove the excited beasts upon their masters, and the result was their entire defeat. This we find finely hit off in one of Macaulay's lays of ancient Rome:

> "And Appenines' gray vulture
> Shall have a noble feast,
> On the fat and on the eyes
> Of the huge earth-shaking beast."

The ancient Greeks advanced to the charge with solemn step, chanting their war-song. The sling was used by skirmishers, but regulars flung their javelins, and then trusted to the well nerved arm and heavy sword.

The Romans, who affected the graces but little, omitted the war-song and saved their breath for the encounter—like the Greek, the javelin (*pilum*) and the broad sword were their main weapons, while the buckler covered the body. In attacking walled towns, the troops marched in close column, with their shields over their heads, like the shell of a tortoise. This protected them while sapping the wall. How often does one meet in Cæsar's commentaries, the term "*testudine facto.*"

With the javelin and broad sword, and with a complement of cavalry, Rome conquered the largest part of the known world. This seems wonderful when one realizes that all was done without the discharge of a musket, or even the snap of a percussion cap,—that never a breach was made by siege guns, nor a town "shelled," and that one of the most perplexing features of modern surgery was not even dreamed of—we refer to your shot wounds. The horrors of ancient warfare transcend all estimate—generally no quarter was asked or given. "*Vae victis*" became a Roman proverb. Hence the amazing slaughter which accompanied the victories of Marius and Cæsar. Prisoners, when suffered to live, were sold into slavery, and in later days were slaughtered in gladiatorial shows, even thousands being pitted against each other in the Coliseum on a single occasion, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

There were no military hospitals, and the wounded were left to perish. As their wounds were cuts instead of shots they generally bled to death. And as the labor of burial was commonly omitted, the wolf, the kite and vulture finished the work.

> "The kite knows well the loud, stern swell,
> That bids the Romans close."

The legionaries of ancient Rome were the most vigorous troops the world has ever seen. Their labors would astonish even one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Each man was his own chaplain, surgeon, and we might almost add, commissary. Besides helmet, greaves and cuirass of heavy brass, he bore a mixed up burden of food and camp stuff of sixty pounds—in addition to this, the *pilum* was as heavy as a musket, to say nothing of the massive sword. The secret of the success of Roman arms was discipline, and the very name of an army, "*exercitus*" shows what its character must have been.

We cannot wonder that such troops became the terror of the world;—and yet we believe that even without artillery or musketry—but simply with the bayonet—the modern French army would drive them from the field. It is strange that the ancients had no weapon so fearful as this and yet so simple.

☞ The Memphis Appeal offers the following yellow-covered invitation:—"Let the brutal minions of a beastly despotism come on! The slaughter-pens are ready, and Yankee blood shall flow as free as festal wine." Amiable, very!

HOW TO STEAL A FEATHER BED.

Stopping for a glass of cider at a village public in East Devon, I heard a story in connection with the above recondite subject, which amused me much.

A rustic, who had spent all his money in getting tipsy at the rival establishment, came up to the landlord of the Crooked Billet, and asked him to *give* him some liquor—about the height of all possible insult to a publican, and so he of the Crooked Billet seemed to think—but the tipsy one was not to be put off in a hurry; he continued his importunities, and for a pint of cider, he said, he would impart—a most valuable secret. The landlord seemed rather to prick up his ears at this, and at length consented to bestow a half-pint; on condition of "hearing something to his advantage;" and the liquor was handed over, and drained by the applicant.

"Now," said he, with a confidential air, and in a stentorian whisper, "next time you da steal a veather-bed, Masr, mind you goo down stairs wi' un backwards."

Great was the host's indignation at this second affront, but greater was my curiosity to know the meaning of the phrase employed, and inquiring of a farmer in the inn, I obtained the following explanation:

There was, it seemed, at a village some distance off, a surgeon who prided himself upon his acuteness, and continually boasted that he had never been *done.*

Now it happened one day, that a scamp who lived by his wits was lurking about the house, on the look out for plunder, and having noticed the surgeon's wife set off for market, saw presently the surgeon himself go out, as he supposed, to visit his patients. Him, likewise, he watched off the premises, and then, finding the coast clear, stole in through the front door, and walked up stairs to lay hands on whatever seemed most eligible: the booty selected was the best feather-bed; this he took on his back, and began descending the stairs, with the precaution of *coming down backwards;* he had got about half-way down when in came the surgeon again.

"Hallo! my man, where are you going with that bed?"

"Goan up stairs wi' un, sur. There's a genl'an down to th' Rose and Crown, sur, as says 'is old friend o' yours, just come from Inger; and comun to stop wi' you, sur—and comun up hisself presently wi's luggage—and he've sent I up, sur, wi' these yer bed."

"I shall not admit it. I shall not admit it. I don't know any such person, and I'm not going to be imposed upon,—likely thing, indeed!—d'you suppose any stranger can come and quarter himself upon me with a tale like that? No, no, you go back, and take the bed along, too, and give my compliments to the gentleman, and say he's made some mistake, and I don't know him."

"Well, sur, 'tis warm day, sur; and make so bold, sur, I hope you'll allow me somat to drink."

"Very well, I don't mind giving you a glass, to be rid of the business—there—now, you go back, and say as I've told you."

Off walked the rascal with his burden.

By-and-by, returned Mrs. Surgeon, and went up stairs to take off her bonnet; down she came again.

"Now, my dear, always making some alteration without consulting me, and what *have* you done with that new feather bed?"

"Oh, Lord!" said the wretched man. "I see it all."

"Pray, what do you see, my dear?"

But enough. Of course the surgeon's reputation for sharpness was gone, and that was the approved way to steal a feather bed in this neighborhood. L. B. C.

THE PLAIN WIFE.

She is not very fair, and yet
I love her quiet face;
She wears not beauty's coronet,
But there's a tender grace
Upon her brow, and in her eyes
A light which could not be,
If her thoughts were not sweet harmonies—
She's beautiful to me.

Not beautiful, save when the flush
Of feeling dyes her cheek;
When her lips are mute beneath its gush,
And leave her eyes to speak!
Not beautiful, save when some thought
Of goodness sends its glow
Across the face by art untaught;
And yet, I love her so!

For she is beautiful, though small
The gifts that overlie
The soul so beautiful in all—
In all that cannot die.
Goodness is beauty, this is why
The tides of friendship roll
Up from my heart and light my eye—
I love her for her soul.

The heart! the heart! give ME the heart,
I care not for the face,
However fair each separate part
If it lack the SPIRIT'S grace;
Give ME the heart—I care not how
The form may moulded be,
If perfect love light up the brow
'Tis beautiful to me.

Extent of the Army of the Potomac.—Men marching in files are usually a little more than three feet apart. Horses, whether in cavalry or artillery, need twelve feet; a wagon in a train with four horses, occupies fifty feet. Now, if the army of the Potomac was in line, moving on a narrow country road, with cavalry four abreast, and men in files of four, accompanied by all the wagons and ambulances, and ammunition trains, it wobld reach from Boston to Hartford, a distance not far from one hundred and fifty miles.

☞ Of what use are forms, seeing that at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which at times are empty, too.

"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor.

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches.

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings!"

TO LET.

There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all to let.

There are heads to let; to any new thing, to isms, ologies, and ists; heads without a tenant.

There are hands to let. Hands plump and fair; hands lean and brown. Those to love, these to labor; these for rags, and those for rings.

There are consciences to let; elastic, accommodating, caoutchouc; at five per cent. a month, sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage, and a pound of flesh.

And so it goes, from sods to souls; almost everything to let; almost everything with its price; everything in the market but griefs. They are never quoted, never at a premium, never "to let."

Cut off the Back Legs of Your Chairs.—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half as much have been patented and elevated into a business.

It is this. If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape.

The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture.

The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high, for the average man, nor more than fourteen for the average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—*Lewis's Gymnasium.*

Autumnal Tints.—No one can maintain, after this year's experience, that frost has any special agency in the autumn coloration of leaves. Scientific men have long understood the matter, and have explained the ripening of the leaf as a simple process of vegetable growth, though the coloration of the leaves at maturity can no more be accounted for than the red of the rose, the blue of the violet, or the orange of the lily. The color which leaves assume in the fall is due to the same causes. But the popular idea that the leaves are changed by the frost is so firmly established in the minds of unscientific and unobservant people, that it is difficult to dispel. This year the foliage has assumed the most gorgeous coloring without a sign of frost, and, indeed, seems to be more brilliant on account of its non-appearance. This is perfectly natural, as the leaves have been able to gradually and freely assume the colors which belong to their ripeness, unobstructed, by sudden cold.

Immense Size of the Pyramids.—A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says that, taking a hundred of the New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it.

Sore Eyes and Catarrh.—The following amusing recipe for the cure of the above diseases we find in the Herald of Progress:—"Mix two ounces of sweet oil with half an ounce of camphor, over the fire. Rub this ointment in the skin of your stomach, in the cheeks, in the eyes, and very thoroughly manipulate it into your temples, and where the nose is most afflicted. Snuff sweet oil into your nose two or three times per day. *Arise! Let blood flow into your feet and hands. Become very healthy, and therefore beautiful.* WILL IT STRONGLY."

☞ Artemus in the Field.—Charles F. Brown, Esq., popularly known as "Artemus Ward," has announced himself as a lecturer during the coming season.

SMALL HUMBUGS—RECIPE PEDDLERS.

Recipe peddlers are the vermin of the humbug tribe. It requires something of a genius to originate and successfully carry on a swindling lottery or gift enterprise, or some scheme requiring extensive advertising and general notoriety; but the recipe peddler can crawl about from house to house, almost unmolested, and like a predatory insect take a bite here and there to the great annoyance of his victims, but without exciting sufficient public notice to make his depredations hazardous. A man will usually suffer from a flea bite rather than be seen hunting for the insect, and in like manner, one who has been taken in by a petty swindler, generally prefers to keep quiet about it, rather than be laughed at; and thus these vermin are usually allowed to go unmolested. A few illustrations of the habits and practices of the tribe will be sufficient to guard the reader from their inflictions.

The recipe peddler usually offers for sale the secret of making honey, or vinegar, or soap, or some other common household article, with little or no trouble, and at a very trifling cost. Frequently he exhibits professed samples of his manufacture. He goes industriously from house to house, never remaining in a place long enough for his recipes to be put to the test, and the deception exposed. Sometimes the directions given are good, but they could have been found in almost any recipe book, at one-tenth the price paid to the swindler. Quite often, however, the information imparted is entirely worthless. Here is a case in point: A subscriber lately paid fifty cents for the following soap recipe, which we copy verbatim:—

One pound of Amoniacum, two pounds of Rosin, one pint of Alcohol, one quart of Salt, one pound of Cooper's Isinglass, one peck of Corn Meal sifted (!) to eight gallons of Rain-water, boiling when you put the preparation in. Then let it boil for five minutes, then set it off to cool. William Taylor.

The peddler said this compound would make one hundred pounds of soap, at a cost of only one dollar. One half the required quantity was purchased for something over a dollar, and the directions duly followed. The result, as our informant says, was no more like soap than hasty pudding. It was good for nothing in the house; the pigs turned up their noses at it and ran away with a derisive squeal, and the whole was thrown on the manure heap. It would not be advisable for a recipe peddler to visit that house again, but the fifty cents was not entirely lost if the experience be heeded by the reader.

A Worse Humbug—Silvering Powders.—To-day, (October 1st,) we were followed two blocks by a vagabond, who poured out the foulest profane language imaginable, and we were actually compelled to hand him over to a policeman. Our offence was "interference in his business" in this "free country," where "every man had a right to follow whatever *honest* calling he chose." The gist of the matter was this: Passing the corner of Pearl and Fulton streets, we saw the fellow taking in the shillings at a rapid rate from a lot of poor women, who evidently had but few more left, and for what? Why a little box of a clay paste which was "warranted to beautifully coat with silver any article of copper, brass, German silver, etc." And in proof of the assertion, a little of it was rubbed upon a brass stair-rod, upon old-fashioned copper pennies, and upon brassy spoons, and sure enough they did glisten with a brilliant silver lustre. Indignant at the deception, we ventured to tell the eager purchasers that the quicksilver, (mercury,) thus applied would last but a brief time, and, what was worse, it would eat into and spoil the surface of any kind of metal to which it would give the lustre.

Let us here warn the readers that these silvering powders and fluids so frequently sold about the country by peddlers, and by ignorant or unprincipled merchants, are *all* of the same class. They will positively spoil the surface of copper, brass, German silver, or silver itself. Rub a few coatings upon a silver coin, and it will become as brittle as a pipe stem. They are either mixtures of quicksilver with colored clay or other material, or they are clear or colored solutions of quicksilver in nitric acid (aqua-fortis) diluted with water. Certain metals, such as copper, brass, silver, &c., reduce the quicksilver to its metallic state, and give a bright silvery lustre; but this will quickly tarnish, while the quicksilver will dissolve or eat into the metal itself, just as a drop of water will affect a lump of sugar. Fine emery or clay is useful to brighten surfaces of genuine silver, but there is *no* preparation that, without the aid of a galvanic battery, or heat, will give a coating of real silver. Strong heat will expel (evaporate) quicksilver, and if the reader has been injudicious enough to use any of these so-called silvering powders or washes, the best thing to be done is to at once heat the article strongly to expel the last trace of the noxious mercury. Miners frequently triturate or beat up gold-bearing rocks or sand with quicksilver, which dissolves out the gold as water would dissolve out particles of salt. The sand particles float upon the heavy quicksilver, and are removed. The liquid is then heated strongly, which evaporates the quicksilver, leaving the pure gold in a mass, or in fine powder, to be melted together. Silver can be separated in the same way. The quicksilver escaping in the form of steam or vapor, is collected in cold receivers as it escapes, and is used over again and again. This explains why such large quantities of quicksilver are sent to California, and also why the discovery of quicksilver mines there increased the value of the gold mines.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The word *skadaddle* is used throughout the whole army of the Potomac, and means "to cut stick," "vamose the ranche," "slope," "cut your lucky," or "clear out." So that Fort Skadaddle is equivalent to "Fort Runaway."

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

This little poem is from a volume of poetry recently published in England by Mrs. Hinxman.

'Twas a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together;
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow and sweet and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Checked every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild birds' happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill,
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's centre,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,
On the altar-cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair,
With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had poured the rills,
And through the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when He piled the enduring hills,
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bowed to the visible spirit of love
On those calm summits dwelling.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER V.

PROPPED UP.

It is a serious matter when the water-bottle does not dilute the feverish consequences of the night's excitement, and soda water absolveth not on the morrow. Westby lay that night in a horsehair shirt of remorse, and made great and audible confession in his small attic the next morning.

"I'm an ass and a knave!" this was the burden of the confession, amid the splish-splash of the cold water, and the work of razor and brushes.

Westby felt a grim satisfaction in emphasizing this declaration, in laying it down as a strong proposition that needed no argument for its support.

"What the deuce is the matter with me? I know I can't support a wife. I should be the veriest fool in the world to entangle myself in a hopeless engagement—and then, that I should be on the point of taking a wretched advantage of Newton's misfortune! Good God; if that girl had not been ten thousand times better and truer than I was! Curse it! what an infernal cut! sticking plaster! and I was so deuced grand in my notions of honor and all that—pshaw! it won't stick. Mighty useful thing, this conscience of mine! I'm a wretched, beggarly fellow!"

Ay, there was comfort even in heaping up all sorts of contemptuous expressions, in degrading himself in the contemplation of high principle, in thorough self-bullying. At last, being very humble and contrite, he began to find consolation in forming resolutions for work and labor on behalf of Newton and his affairs.

And Lilian Temple—this was her confession, contained in a letter to her brother:

"I know, Fred, it was very naughty of me not to write to you all this time—only adding a line to mamma's letter to tell you of my engagement. I assure you it was not laziness; the real truth is, I was not quite happy in my mind about accepting Mr. Newton, and I felt a little afraid of writing to you.—You know I told you all about Charles Westby; I shall tell you everything now. You recollect I agreed with what you said as to the folly of letting that matter rest in my mind. Well, I did manage to dismiss my foolish fancy of love, but I never could get over a sense of pique at the low appreciation he manifested for my character—that I was without power or strength to endure the serious labor of the world. Somehow, I kept dwelling on that, very foolishly, no doubt, and at last I grew to think, with his age and experience, he might have read my character aright: I had never been tried,—I might, after all, have been deceiving myself with vain ideas of excellence.

"I cannot plead that I acted without full knowledge with regard to Mr. Newton. I saw clearly from the first what his character was—no pretension to a highly cultivated intellect, no great strength of purpose, but a good heart. He made me an offer very shortly after his introduction to us; I talked the matter over with papa and mamma; they decidedly liked him, and urged very strongly his wealth and good position. I did accept him! I know you will blame me; I'm ready enough to blame myself; but the offer was made very suddenly, and I did honestly believe I could really love him as time went on. I am sure no lover could ever be more devoted in his attentions; he invariably deferred his opinion to mine; day by day I grew more convinced of the absolute power I possessed over him. I might well be flattered,—I was flattered and proud, when my spirits were at the full, but in certain times of depression and doubt, when I wanted support, why I found he was leaning on me.—You recollect, Fred, that day at Brighton, when the horses were so fresh, and I would insist on taking the reins out of your hands at the straight piece of road. I felt so proud of driving, they went so splendidly, but when something startled them in the hedge, and for all my hard pulling they kept getting ahead, and you, to punish me, would not take back the reins, why I felt a little frightened then, though I knew well enough you were at my side, and would seize the reins at any moment of real danger; but with Mr. Newton, I foresaw whatever course the events of life might take, the responsibility and direction of everything would rest with me. I was downcast and dismayed when I thought upon this.

"Then came that sad bank failure. He told me he was ruined, poor fellow! Ah, Fred! for some three hours in my room I had a hard fight of it. It was such a terrible shock. In opulance I had felt we might live very happily, but in a life of struggle—how? I told you when we used to talk about Charles Westby, that I believed I could work, strive upwards, dare and do anything, following in the footsteps of a man I admired and looked up to, but to take the lead oneself, to have to encourage, to animate another. There! I dare say Karlo Magno was right, after all. I do not in any way possess this power of endurance. I know I prayed earnestly for strength; I thought of what you would say, but it was all of no avail; the more I thought upon it, the more terrible the pledge I was called upon to make. Thank God! Karlo Magno was near me at this great time; he spoke to me as I know you would have spoken, and then I went to George Newton and promised to hold by him in adversity."

CHAPTER VI.

ON A PEDESTAL AGAIN.

Charles Westby had worked hard in George Newton's affairs, and he had worked to such good purpose that that gentleman was enabled to return to England with safety after about four months' absence. The arrangements to effect this had not been made without heavy pecuniary sacrifice, but owing, by good luck, to a railway which was proposed to pass through a large portion of Newton's property, there was every reason to believe that the purchase-money of the land would very nearly make up the loss on the bank transaction.

It was probable that if Newton had been content to remain abroad for a longer term a better bargain might have been made with the creditors, but Newton begged and prayed of Westby to forward matters, at any cost, so as to allow him to return to England. Concessions had therefore been made, which, in a business point of view, were unduly adverse to Newton. Westby's view of the affair was this: "Newton may, perhaps, lose some additional thousands, but he will the more surely secure the girl he loves." Westby, too, was strongly actuated by his own feelings; he felt he could never entirely forgive himself until he saw Lilian married to Newton. The fierce temptation of that night's interview had left its smouldering remorse at Westby's heart. Perhaps this feeling unduly blinded him to other considerations; for instance, Lilian had confessed to him the nature and quality of her love for Newton. Was it altogether satisfactory that she should marry under such circumstances? But, in answer to this, he could never break from his mind the recollection of Lilian as a child; and, as far as he could judge, the old impulsiveness of her nature was unchanged—at one moment attracted by the novelty of his own grim countenance, at another dazzled by the advantages of Newton's offer. And then he knew that Newton was such a good fellow, possessing such an excellent heart, that any woman might be fortunate in his love. Beyond all this, Lilian had pledged herself to Newton, and when he thought of this pledge he forgot all else but his own remorse at the idea that he should have been on the point of inducing her to break that pledge; and just with the same feeling with which he despised himself, did he contemplate the idea of Lilian breaking her engagement.

It was the greatest satisfaction to Westby, when, after a hard day's work at final arrangements, he was enabled to send a telegram to Newton, at Boulogne, stating that he might safely return to England; for, beyond his feeling of gratification at bringing the lovers together again, he felt relieved at the idea of Newton's affairs being wound up, his assiduity on their behalf having seriously interfered with his professional labors.

"Well, come," thought Westby, as he paid the clerk at the telegraph office, "there is an end to Newton, for this night at least. If I am only left at peace I shall be able to see the end of that brief by sticking to it hard all night."

But, alas! when Westby entered his chambers, there, before his incredulous eyes, stood Newton.

"If you are merely a spirit, I don't mind," exclaimed Westby, annoyed; "but in the flesh you have no business here."

"Your last letter—" muttered Newton, apologetically.

"Positively stated that you were not to return till sent for," rejoined Westby. "Nevertheless," and his voice somewhat softened, "you are partly absolved by circumstances, inasmuch as a message advising your return is now seeking for you at Boulogne."

"How can I ever repay all your kindness?" exclaimed Newton, clasping Westby's hands.

"Don't interrupt the judge," cried Westby, with affected solemnity. "Recollect you only stand entirely absolved on one condition, that you condense everything you have to say into five minutes. Here, look at that," and Westby pointed to a bundle of papers. "I've got to stuff every bit of it into my head before I go to bed."

"I know you have been working so hard for me; you're the best, the dearest fellow that ever lived."

So Westby was forced to listen to the outpourings of Newton's gratitude.

"It's a kindness to send you away, old boy," said Westby, when the five minutes had expired. "I know where you are off to."

"I shan't be expected, shall I?"

"Well, to say truth, you won't—for a letter which I posted this afternoon to the young lady mentions to-morrow as the earliest period for your appearance—it will be all the greater surprise."

Newton having departed, Westby buried himself in his large chair with the documents before him and his favorite pipe in his mouth. With all his efforts he felt a tendency to wander away from the subject on hand; Newton would come struggling into his mind, and Lilian, and the meeting of the lovers; but gradually as he warmed to his work, as he mastered the facts of the case, and drew his inferences, weaving them into possible arguments, his mind became perfectly absorbed. Though the generality of readers may wonder at it, I affirm that Westby experienced intense satisfaction in this severe mental application; the intricacies of the case began to clear away; bit by bit his own arguments grew side by side with the anticipated arguments of his adversary. Ah, me, the joy of antagonism, and its power to evoke the energies! In all probability, two or three other men were at the very same time in adjacent chambers at work on the same subject; men of talent equally absorbed—absorbed just as poets are absorbed in the effort of creation—tasting, too, as poets taste, the joy of creative power in new points to be raised in argument.

Thus time sped on unheeded by Westby.

There was a tap at his door; he mechanically cried "Come in!" but being so preoccupied, he was scarcely conscious that anybody had entered until he felt a hand on his shoulder; he roused himself, and looking round saw Newton pale and agitated.

"You must forgive me for troubling you at this time of night, but I saw a light in your room—that old housekeeper of yours who never seems to go to bed let me in. I could not rest, Westby, till I had told you about it. The engagement's off."

"Broken off?—impossible!"

"Broken utterly."

"By whom?" asked Westby.

"Mutually; but I must tell you that we are both pledged to silence regarding the reasons."

Westby was lost in astonishment.

"I did not come to make a confidant of you in this unfortunate affair," continued Newton. "I came, old boy, to grasp you by the hand, and tell you again—for I did not say it half enough when I saw you first—how truly sensible I am of all your efforts on my behalf. You have stuck to me, Westby, and I feel that more than I can say after what has taken place. You will forgive me for bothering you."

Westby shook Newton's hand, and he felt how it trembled.

"You have had a personal interview with Miss Temple."

"Yes. I will tell you as much as I may of the circumstances. When I left here I drove straight to their house. I found to my surprise that they had a party. I was a good deal put out by this, wishing to see Lilian quietly, and I was of course anxious to make as little talk as possible about my return to England. I was dying to see her, but somehow I had not pluck to enter the house. I stood some time behind the crowd who were looking at the people getting out of the carriages. You know I'm very stupid about these things—my travelling-dress, too, and how to explain to the men at the door who I was, for, as plague would have it, the servants seemed to have been all changed. Well, I screwed up my courage at last, and knocked at the door. There, I forgive those infernal fellows now, how the deuce should they have understood my story? but at the time I would have given anything for leave to send one of them to ground. At last I got hold of Lilian's maid, and then I learnt the rights of the affair. They had got private theatricals. Miss Temple was to play the chief part, the girl told me; she had just finished dressing her mistress, and the play had already begun; should she go and say I had arrived? I told her not to utter a word of my being in the house till the play was over, and in the meantime to put me in a room where I could remain undisturbed by the guests. After some difficulty, I found refuge in Mr. Temple's dressing room and special sanctum. One of the bills of the performance lay on the table. I could hear the laughter and applause from the drawing-room. I listened till I could stand it no longer,—all looking at Lilian, and I, who fancied I had the best right to see her, absent. I stole down-stairs, and got into the drawing-room behind the company, hiding myself among the servants, but I could see the stage perfectly.

"By Jove, Westby, how she did act! There, it was not acting—she felt it all; I hated to see her, and yet she did look so out and out lovely. It was some French story, as far as I could make out: she was engaged to a man she did not like, and yet to suit her purpose she could smile, and laugh, and cajole. I kept saying to myself, 'It is acting, it's only acting,' and I heard the people talking in front, 'It's nature, perfect nature, not acting.' And they were right, Westby!

"I was sickened by all the laughter and applause; there was laughter and giggle, too, where I was, though in an undertone, particularly towards the end of the play. I could not but listen.

"'The fun is,' said a servant girl before me—of course they were in utter ignorance of my presence—'the fun is, she is really in love with the very man she don't like in the play. I'm sure of it.'

"'Well, he is always here, for one thing,' said another.

"I can tell you, Westby, a child might have knocked me down."

"There, there," cried Westby with disgust. "I want to hear no more of it. I can see it all. I can tell you the fellow's name—Frank Scott! I had heard some rumors, but like an ass I disbelieved them. Pshaw! I know the whole story as well as if you had given it me word for word—it's the story of a heartless flirt."

"No, no! Westby," cried Newton, vehemently. "I never meant to tell you about Scott, it will only mislead you. She is not in love with him!"

"I don't understand you, Newton."

"I can only tell you I believed it as strongly as you do now—I taxed her with it—"

"And of course she denied it," interrupted Westby. "Credat Judæus! Forgive me if I'm rather skeptical, it was not to be expected that she should confess to you the name of her new lover."

"Look you here, Westby, I only regret that it is not in my power to tell you all the facts about our last interview—she is not in love with Scott, I'm certain of that—but enough of the whole affair. It is so very painful to me that I dare not dwell on it, and just because it is so painful, and just because I feel so utterly desolate, I've come to shake your old fist and have a bit of comfort in seeing a friend who has been staunch and true throughout."

"Thank God," murmured Westby, "I can give you my hand on it." Then in a louder tone, "These misfortunes cure themselves, Newton. You are well rid of her—bear that in mind! But Fred Temple," and Westby's voice dropped, "what would he say to this? his sister a wretched jilt! You never knew Temple Newton. I can tell you this affair would have wounded him to the quick. I know he would never have forgiven her. Good God! to think Lilian should have acted thus." Westby was silent for a while, then he suddenly drew his hand from Newton's grasp. "How dare I throw stones? Newton, I'll hide nothing from you—I'm a beggarly humbug. I was once madly in love with this girl—madly, madly, I can tell you. I could speak and think rightly enough till I was tried in the fire, but then I was as weak—as weak as the meanest wretch living. I talk of despising her, indeed! That night, Newton, before she came to bid you adieu—and, mark you, she asked me as her brother's friend for my advice—there, it was rising in my soul to take advantage of your misfortune, and so win her from you; but she knew what her duty was then, if she has forgotten it now, and she told me what it was, putting the very words into my mouth, while I was struggling with my wretched thought, and so she saved me from being in very fact a scoundrel and a knave. You may cut me to-morrow, Newton, but I'm glad I've told you. I could not hold it back after what has taken place."

There was a painful silence.

Westby's words of self-accusation had burst from his lips with vehement fluency, when he began to speak again it was with the utmost hesitation and uncertainty.

"You are my very oldest friend, Newton, and I would not for worlds have you despise me. I have accused myself, therefore I have a right to say something in my own extenuation. That wretched night cured my wicked, stupid love. I swear to you, Newton, that I have done all that lay in my power to serve your interests, both with the Temples and with regard to that bank business. Do tell me you believe this."

"I do believe it, you dear old boy, from the bottom of my heart!" and Newton took Westby's hand in his.

"I wish that there was a pledge of assurance deeper than words," exclaimed Westby.

"Why, your labor in that bank affair speaks for itself," urged Newton, "and I may tell you thus much of our interview—Lilian Temple swore to me that your influence had held her for so long true to me."

Newton emphasized all this with a hearty shake of the hand.

"Good night, old fellow," said he, taking up his hat. "I shall come and breakfast with you, mind that—eight o'clock, hey?"

"I can say later, if you like."

"No, no; at eight o'clock I'm your man," and Newton left the room.

Westby understood the motive of Newton's proposal to come to breakfast. "He really does forgive me! Pshaw! I shouldn't wonder, after all, if this is not some foolish lovers' misunderstanding, which a few judicious words may set straight."

CHAPTER VII.

REAL ACTING.

But we must now give the other side of Newton's story—going back a few hours.—

"Rouge!" exclaimed Lilian, "please—no."

"Before the lights, miss, you'll be as white as a ghost," expostulated Mr. Williams, the eminent perruquier.

"As little as possible, then."

"I flatter myself, miss, I know your part as well as you do."

"Better, perhaps," replied Lilian, smiling. "Oh, where's my book? I'm never comfortable without it. Run, Jane, and see if I left it on my dressing-table."

"I don't mean, miss, word for word but I mean the exigencies of the part," explained Mr. Williams. "If I can't conceive them somehow, I can't paint nohow. I lay in the groundwork of the passions with my colors, and then the features have only got to develope 'em at the right moment. Features, miss!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, warming with his subject, "why I've painted peoples' faces right out, so that their own fathers didn't know 'em."

"You will be more merciful to me, won't you, Mr. Williams?"

"Heaven forbid it in your case, madam," exclaimed Mr. Williams, gallantly. "I'm merely arising the natural tone of color up to the strength of the lights, with the slightest touch to give force to the leading motives. I don't wish to boast," continued Mr. Williams, anxious, as much as possible, to improve the occasion, for it was very seldom he enjoyed the opportunity for so much "dialogue." "I don't wish to boast, but if I state that I've got all the passions cut and dried at my finger's end, I state a fact. Why, you can get love and hate, and joy and sorrow, out of a twist of the brush—all human natur in a bit of camel's hair! I've studied the dodge from the old masters in the National Gallery, I have. Sometimes I asks myself what acting is, and I asks other people, too. There's my friend, Samuels, he's in a large way in the costume line—I asks him sometimes.

"'Vel, Mishter Villiams,' says he, 'I vill tell you vot acting ish. It ish the very best gold lace, and the very best shilk velvet, and plenty of 'em, it ish—try to play Mishter Shakespere vithout 'em, that's all!'

"'No, no, Mr. Samuels,' says I, 'you know what acting is well enough, and so do the actors, only they won't tell—two-thirds of it's paint!' Didn't they have me down at Her Majesty's every night 'Traviata' was on. They couldn't have done the last scene if I hadn't been there. Why, I'll undertake to paint any man, woman, or child, into a galloping consumption—nature itself, in five minutes—that I will. You've only got to hit the cough; I'll manage the face. They didn't call me on, though, when the curtain was down, not they. I ought to have had half the bouquets—that I ought; but I never have had my rights, and I never shall have my right's, the world's a sight too selfish for that."

The further enunciation of Mr. Williams' theory of dramatic art, as developed from his own particular point of view, was interrupted by Miss Temple's maid bringing her mistress the play-book, and a note—Newton's note.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear George!" cried Lilian, as she entered the room—she thought he would have clasped her in his arms, but he turned from her with a slight gesture. She understood what he meant.

"But my lips, George, there's nothing there!" She snatched up a towel, and dipping it in the water jug, rubbed her face. She saw he looked askance at her dress—the burnous had fallen from her shoulders.

"George, dear, I came the moment I got your note—they hadn't told me of it, indeed they hadn't—I wouldn't even stop to change my dress—besides, George, I thought perhaps you'd like—"

"I would rather have seen you, Lilian, as I know you."

And this was a lover's warm greeting. It was a strange, cold change; a short time before she had been surrounded by admirers, ministering to her vanity at every point.

"It's all off my face now; it is indeed George—my cheeks are burning, it's only that."

He kissed her on the forehead.

"Why didn't you tell me about this play, Lilian?"

"As you were away, George—and as I thought you couldn't return in time to see it," stammered Lilian. "Well, then, I was very wrong! You'll forgive me, George? Why, the very first hour of your return you can't refuse me anything."

This interview was so different from all that Lilian had imagined. She had thought that the demonstration of love would come from him; that she might passively receive the homage of his affection; but the initiative was cast upon her.

"I can see, George, you don't forgive me about the play."

"It's not exactly about the play, Lilian. Mind, I'm not one of those fellows who go beating about the bush—I can't stand that sort of thing. If I get hold of a story, it may be wrong or it may be right—but I speak it out, and there's the matter ended one way or the other. Now, Lilian, I've heard your cousin, Mr. Scott, is here constantly."

"Why, George, you're not jealous of cousin Frank!" exclaimed Lilian laughing. "You goose! who on earth put that idea in your head?"

"Well, Lilian," replied Newton, growing very red, "if there's no truth in it, there's no harm in my mentioning it, and then the thing's off my mind, but—"

"What, still a doubt George!" exclaimed Lilian, piqued. "Now, pray, who told you anything about Frank? Come now, I'm determined to have this kind friend's name. Frank Scott, indeed! I dare say you've been told that he's been riding a great deal lately with papa and me—that he frequently dines here, well, perhaps three times a week—that I'm very fond of dancing with him, for he waltzes beautifully. There, George, if you had come to me I would have told you all about him. I suppose nobody ever recollected to mention that papa used to be his guardian? Of course, they quite forgot that small fact. Now, who was it, George?"

"You dear, darling girl!" exclaimed Newton, entirely convinced by Lilian's frankness. Then he would have folded her in his arms—that embrace of rapturous meeting which was to crown his return to England—but she in her turn withdrew from him.

"Do forgive me, Lilian; you must forgive me."

"I declare I will know, George—a wicked mischief-making set."

"Lilian, it would be no good telling, it would only make a stupid affair worse. Now you do forgive me? Just consider, Lilian, I think I've grown half mad in wanting to see you again; that's why the stupid story bothered me so; I couldn't bear to think of any other person occupying your affection, ever so little. I'm afraid I shan't explain myself clearly, but you'll understand my meaning. I tell you honestly, Lilian, that you are all in all to me now. I fell in love with you at first through utter fascination, I was wild to possess your hand at any cost, even with half your heart. I would have stood anything from you then—you might have trampled on me—scorned me, and I should have held to you. When that unfortunate affair took place I was changed. I learnt what true love really means—for better for worse—what comfort there is in the sympathy of a heart which is wholly one's own. Why, Lilian, at first I should only have felt jealous if I had dreamt that you possessed a feeling for anybody else, yet I should have loved you just the same; but now, Lilian, I can be content with nothing less than your whole heart, every atom, all or none. I could not tell you all this in my letters, but now you see why I was so foolish and stupid about that story."

Lilian trembled as she listened.

"It's because I'm so changed towards you, Lilian, that I want that old vow of yours again, just for the pleasure of hearing that what I value so deeply now has been mine all along—your hand on it, darling, that you do give me your whole heart."

He knelt at her chair, and with his greater strength took her hand in his. What was this he asked? An answer must be made at once. It fell to her to make it upon her instant judgment of right and wrong; no time for deliberation. Then she felt her utter weakness. Oh, for only five quiet minutes of Charles Westby's counsel and advice!

Newton watched her face, and saw the color come and go, and the burning tears, and felt her trembling hand.

"No, no, Lilian," he exclaimed, with vehemence, "you shan't answer a word; I'm an utter fool with my cursed tongue. The question is an insult. Haven't I seen you tried by my adversity? Pray forgive me for asking this wretched question. Good God, I bring sadness instead of joy!"

Lilian withdrew her hand from his.

"George, you never asked this question when you made me your offer—"

"No, no, Lilian, let us cease all this foolish talk. Why, I've positively prayed for this meeting; it was to be such happiness."

He would have clasped her in his arms, but she darted from him.

"I dare not let you believe a lie! my heart can never be wholly yours!"

Newton was wholly unprepared for this reply, although the immediate context possibly indicates the reverse. His question arose from little else than a lover's capricious fancy, or perhaps a yet lingering doubt concerning Frank Scott.

"Lilian, what is this?—No, it's impossible!"

She was silent.

Then his resentment rose.

"You did accept me, Lilian! Was that honest?"

"No, it was not honest; and God knows I have bitterly repented the act. But, George, you never asked me this question at the time."

"Pshaw! a wretched quibble!"

"No, no; you begged and prayed of me to be your wife. Did you make the slightest condition? Did you ask anything of me but my consent? I don't say this to justify myself. I did love you well enough to be your wife, far better than girls I have known who married and made their husbands happy—but not with my whole heart; I never told you that. I have fought with the wretched feeling which besets me—trampled it down! But there it lies. I can't cast it forth. Oh, George, if you had never asked me for all, I could have been true and faithful, and loved you very much—"

"But this man, the scoundrel, who is at the bottom of all this?"

"I am alone to blame for this wretched folly. I *am* telling you the truth," she said, earnestly. "I am, indeed; there is no one to blame but myself. He love me? No, no! He despises me. I'm merely a weak, foolish girl in his eyes."

"Oh, Lilian," replied Newton, mournfully, "is this story true? When I am gone, will not this man come? Why, five minutes ago you assured me you did not care for your cousin!"

She fell on her knees before him.

"It's not Frank Scott! I shall die if you don't believe me. To think that you should look on me as a liar!" and the crimson deepened in her burning face.

As he gazed on her, beholding her beauty heightened to the full by the perfection of her dress, the blind fervor of his first love returned, kindled into fury at the thought of another carrying her away. With quickest impulse he clasped her in his arms.

"Lilian, you are mine! I've had your pledge, and I stand on that right. I appeal to your honor, Lilian. I swear to make you happy. You shall love me."

"If you had never asked that question, George,—but knowing all, you will hate me in calmer times."

She had shrunk from him, terrified at his vehemence.

Then, with revulsion of feeling and maddened with jealousy, he turned from her, and told her with all bitterness to marry this man she loved, or deceive him also, as best suited her fickled purpose. In his anger he would have left the room.

But her courage arose, and she held the door against him; and even then he felt that he had used words too hard in a man's mouth against a woman.

"George Newton, you *shall* hear the whole truth. I ask but one condition, that you repeat to no one what I am about to tell you. Promise me this."

"I give you my word, Lilian."

"In the first place, you taunt me with marrying this man. I solemnly assure you that this very act of mine which separates us,

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

A LOVE SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," GENTLEMAN.

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds returning,
Or field flowers' blossoming above the wintry mould,
Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
Love with love's youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and ladye-love, queen of boyish passion,
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we cannot love save one.

Dearest and bonniest! though blanched those curling tresses,
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin hand of thine,—
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine!

So let the world go round with all its sights and sinning,
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er pleasures past:
That which it calls love's end to us was love's beginning;—
I clasp arms about thy neck and love thee to the last.

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

"Well, Mary, you have had large experience of life; you began early in the families of the poor, and by fidelity to your duties and an ambition to perform them well, you have passed upward, and for years have spent your whole time as monthly nurse in families of wealth, position, and refinement. Now, according to your observation, who are the happiest people?"

"Mechanics' families, ma'am, who are a little fore-handed."

The answer was given with such promptness, and so unhesitatingly, that the mind of the worthy woman must have been made up on mature reflection, and with easy decision.

The answer merits the profound attention of every intelligent parent, and is exceedingly suggestive. The dialogue took place under the circumstances narrated, and without assent or denial, strong reasons may be given for the correctness of the old woman's reply. A lady said to us, just about twenty years ago, that her husband, then deceased, allowed her twenty thousand dollars a year to spend in Paris, while he pulled the political wires at Washington as a Senator. "But I was not happy, because politics was an idol before me. I never could be induced to marry a public man again."

The returns of the Registrar-General of France show that the middle classes live an average of eleven years longer than day-laborers and the poor.

Our own observation tells us that the sons and daughters of the wealthiest seldom leave heirs to reach maturity, unless those heirs, by reverses, had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and shove the plane or wield the axe or speed the plough. Mechanics usually begin life poor, and when both husband and wife have a good share of common sense, they soon unite in their aims, ambitions, industries, and economies, with the result of a gradual increment of their substance. They live in a plain, unostentatious and inexpensive way. The high are so high above them, that they are saved the expense of aping them in style of living, and saved, too, the eating anxieties and cutting mortifications of that most unwise and most unfortunate class of persons who make their whole existence an extended torture, in the weary effort to climb into a sphere in which they have never moved; the frequent, frequent cause of the sad wreck of family happiness.

The class above noticed, instead of wasting their attention and their energies in this direction, expend them on the furtherance of their fortune, in the improvement of their pecuniary condition, by curbing immoderate desires. They are not disturbed by any envy toward neighbors who seem to be getting along faster than they are; they derive a quiet happiness in knowing that all they have is paid for; that they have gone nobody's security. Now and then when they see something which would greatly add to their substantial comfort, or would save labor, or protect furniture or clothing, and they have not the means of paying for it, there is a sweetness to them in saving and even in practicing self denials, until the money is not only earned but in hand, ready to purchase on "the best terms for cash." And the very fact that they have gotten it for less than those who did not pay in hand, gives additional satisfaction; for the difference in price is that much money got without having to work for it. They bring the article home, and talk about its price, and look at it, and turn it over and over again, and appropriate it to its uses with a quiet enjoyment which of itself is worth money; and that is the last of it; while the neighbor who bought on credit, begins, after a short time, to count the days when it is to be paid for, and as the period comes nearer, the uneasiness becomes greater, and with it, actual disquietude. Later on, bills receivable are not met as was expected, then come irritation and anxiety. The children see it; the wife sees it; all know the cause, and peace and happiness and quiet do not dwell in that household; and long before the purchased article is paid for, the pleasure of possession or display has been eaten up, while there is more bitterness in store.

The "fore-handed mechanic," who has the decision to resist the purchase of any coveted article until he has the money to pay for it, finds no trouble, when business reverses come upon a community, in deciding to take in sail while the storm is yet in the distance. He begins to economise, and has got used to it before his neighbors have been able to bring their minds to a decision that it must be done; for few people like to come down, and rather protract the struggle to keep up appearances, in the hope that the times will get better, and they need not make any change. But oh! how wearily the days pass away, when one is waiting for the hard times to go by, when the meanwhile is spent in painful make-shifts, subterfuges, temporary expedients, and heart-aching sacrifices!

Incomputable are the drawn-out agonies of merchants and bankers and brokers, of clerks, and all salaried persons, in hard times, or even in monetary shocks, which may occur in any week of any year. During these, all domestic happiness, peace, and comfort must be eaten out, and they live a year's suffering in a week. Not so with the "fore-handed mechanic." He bows before the storm of crises with the facility of the reed, and while the angry elements rage above, lies in quiet composure, with the sweet consciousness of perfect safety. There is another element of happiness in our "fore-handed mechanic:" while he and his wife worked into each other's hands, they grew to love each other more in their mutual efforts for bettering their condition. It was a happiness to them to help one another, to save labor and trouble to each other, and their children gradually grew up imbibing the same spirit and temper and feelings; nothing was a trouble to them which in the least saved trouble or money to father and mother; on the contrary, it was a pride and a pleasure and an ambition to save, to help, and to practice self-denial, in the hope of an easier future, which to all was becoming more apparent every day. Hence the happiness!

We see a man every Sunday, who said to his newly-married daughter last year:—"My child, go and get you a house for fifteen thousand dollars, and I will furnish it for you." After traversing the city for a month, she said:—"Father, I can't find any house that will make us comfortable for less than twenty thousand; can't you get it for us?"

He gave her the title-deed; ordered Sloan to put down the carpets, and Meeks to supply the furniture; Houghwout made the china, Tiffany the silver, Mercier the upholstery, and Berrian the etceteras of the kitchen, pantry, laundry, etc. In short, everything was procured to her hand, without even the trouble of choosing.

But think you, reader, that this young woman, at the moment of her taking possession of it all, and in any month later, experienced as sweet a satisfaction as does any wife who has helped her husband to earn the money to purchase their first Brussels carpet for their "best room?" Not a bit of it! To get a thing as a gift is pleasant, is gratifying, but to obtain it by mutual individual effort, especially if it has cost some self-denial, is a sweet delight, to which the pampered child of fortune must be forever a stranger. The editor will feel rewarded for writing this, if it shall persuade one subscriber to determine to give each son a good trade; and that each daughter shall feel it her duty to wait upon her mother, to learn to keep house economically, to prepare a sumptuous meal, to spread an appetizing table, to cut and make her own garments, and thus be worthy of a good husband, and be able to help him.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Eating One's Companions.—A story is told of a French Zouave who was asked his opinion of the English soldiers after the Crimean campaign. "Ah," said he, "set them down in an engagement ready prepared and well fed, and no man can fight better; but let them get into misery or distress, and no men know less how to get themselves out of it. Par example, our battalion was encamped beside an English regiment which had a magnificent buck-goat; the cavalry horses of their army had no forage, and the poor beast, getting no food sickened and died. At this time the soldiers that he belonged to where without rations to eat, or fire to warm themselves with; and what do you think they did? Why, they collected some board, made a coffin, and buried the buck; my comrade, and myself, shocked at such a waste of good things, took the poor animal up that same *parole d'honneur*, we had three good fires from his coffin, delicious messes from his flesh for seven days, and for the rest of the campaign we slept upon his skin, which kept us from damp and saved us from sickness. Now what do you think of the English soldier after such a piece of folly as this? I have my cat, I carry him on my sack, and he comes under the fire with me, as you may perceive from his having lost a fore foot. I love and nourish him, and he in return will, should there be a necessity, provide me with two days' good living."

The Age of the Guano Deposits.—Mons. Boussingault, the celebrated French chemist, in a late paper contributed to the Academy of Science, shows that the age of modern alluvions does not extend beyond historical times, whereas old alluvions date from the period immediately preceding that at which man first began to inhabit the earth; so that the guanes or cormorants, and other allied birds, which deposit guano, must have existed thousands of years before man, seeing that the lower layer of guano is sometimes fifteen or twenty yards in depth, while the old alluvial crust above it, has a thickness of upwards of three yards.

☞ It is suggested that a corps of spies should be organized by the Federal government. Judging from the intimate acquaintance that the rebels have with all our plans almost as soon as they are formed, we should say that the Federal government has already spies enough in its service to form a *corps d'armes.*

☞ What eyes has Rosecrans fixed on Floyd? His Buckeyes, to be sure.

MILITARY SCIENCE:

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The present system of tactics—that is, the rapid over the slow—is but a return to the old style of combat; and we find that as the change of fashion is but a repetition of the old, so in military affairs there is in the use of the bayonet a return to the hand-to-hand conflict of ancient days. It is quite strange to note how the science of war has been controlled, and even shaped, by the notions and prejudices of men. There has not been a great mind in military service for the last eighteen centuries, who has not left his mark on his age. One important fact has been established by the experience of ages, whatever may be the reaches of military science—personal strength and physical power will turn the scale. The only exceptions to this rule are found in the campaigns of Cæsar with the Gauls. For instance, the ancient Athenians were considered a match with the Persians at one to ten; and at Marathon ten thousand of the former routed one hundred thousand of the latter in a pitched battle; yet one Spartan, owing to his superiority of nerve and vigor, was equal to six Athenians, as the latter in time learned to their cost.—In ancient days a tolerable substitute for artillery was found in chariots of war, which were as fearful then as a battery would be at present. Alexander the Great, carrying out his father's system, got a new idea in the famous Macedonian Phalanx. This was a body of veterans, whose march was in close column of wedge-shape, and whose charge at the close of an action was irresistible. With thirty thousand of such troops, aided by levies among the conquered, Alexander subdued one-half of Asia, and penetrated to what is now British India. In three battles the Persian Empire was destroyed, and in one of these actions three hundred thousand were said to have been slain. After this era, the Phalanx fell into disuse. The use of elephants, so common in India, even to a late day, never got in vogue in other nations.—Pyrrhus, the Epirote, in his invasion of Italy, at first terrified the Romans with a squadron of these animals, whose charge of ivory bayonets had never been heard of before. Twice the invaders triumphed, though at such expense of blood that their leader remarked that one more such victory would ruin him. At the next battle the Romans assailed the elephants with fire-balls, whose blaze drove the excited beasts upon their masters, and the result was their entire defeat. This we find finely hit off in one of Macaulay's lays of ancient Rome:

> "And Appenines' gray vulture
>   Shall have a noble feast,
> On the fat and on the eyes
>   Of the huge earth-shaking beast."

The ancient Greeks advanced to the charge with solemn step, chanting their war-song. The sling was used by skirmishers, but regulars flung their javelins, and then trusted to the well nerved arm and heavy sword.

The Romans, who affected the graces but little, omitted the war-song and saved their breath for the encounter—like the Greek, the javelin (*pilum*) and the broad sword were their main weapons, while the buckler covered the body. In attacking walled towns, the troops marched in close column, with their shields over their heads, like the shell of a tortoise. This protected them while sapping the wall. How often does one meet in Cæsar's commentaries, the term "*testudine facto.*"

With the javelin and broad sword, and with a complement of cavalry, Rome conquered the largest part of the known world. This seems wonderful when one realizes that all was done without the discharge of a musket, or even the snap of a percussion cap,—that never a breach was made by siege guns, nor a town "shelled," and that one of the most perplexing features of modern surgery was not even dreamed of—we refer to your shot wounds. The horrors of ancient warfare transcend all estimate—generally no quarter was asked or given. "*Vae victis*" became a Roman proverb. Hence the amazing slaughter which accompanied the victories of Marius and Cæsar. Prisoners, when suffered to live, were sold into slavery, and in later days were slaughtered in gladiatorial shows, even thousands being pitted against each other in the Coliseum on a single occasion, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

There were no military hospitals, and the wounded were left to perish. As their wounds were cuts instead of shots they generally bled to death. And as the labor of burial was commonly omitted, the wolf, the kite and vulture finished the work.

> "The kite knows well the loud, stern swell,
> That bids the Romans close."

The legionaries of ancient Rome were the most vigorous troops the world has ever seen. Their labors would astonish even one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Each man was his own chaplain, surgeon, and we might almost add, commissary. Besides helmet, greaves and cuirass of heavy brass, he bore a mixed up burden of food and camp stuff of sixty pounds—in addition to this, the *pilum* was as heavy as a musket, to say nothing of the massive sword. The secret of the success of Roman arms was discipline, and the very name of an army, "*exercitus*" shows what its character must have been.

We cannot wonder that such troops became the terror of the world;—and yet we believe that even without artillery or musketry—but simply with the bayonet—the modern French army would drive them from the field. It is strange that the ancients had no weapon so fearful as this and yet so simple.

☞ The Memphis Appeal offers the following yellow-covered invitation:—"Let the brutal minions of a beastly despotism come on! The slaughter-pens are ready, and Yankee blood shall flow as free as festal wine." Amiable, very!

HOW TO STEAL A FEATHER BED.

Stopping for a glass of cider at a village public in East Devon, I heard a story in connection with the above recondite subject, which amused me much.

A rustic, who had spent all his money in getting tipsy at the rival establishment, came up to the landlord of the Crooked Billet, and asked him to *give* him some liquor—about the height of all possible insult to a publican, and so he of the Crooked Billet seemed to think—but the tipsy one was not to be put off in a hurry; he continued his importunities, and for a pint of cider, he said, he would impart—a most valuable secret. The landlord seemed rather to prick up his ears at this, and at length consented to bestow a half-pint; on condition of "hearing something to his advantage;" and the liquor was handed over, and drained by the applicant.

"Now," said he, with a confidential air, and in a stentorian whisper, "next time you da steal a veather-bed, Masr, mind you goo down stairs wi' un backwards."

Great was the host's indignation at this second affront, but greater was my curiosity to know the meaning of the phrase employed, and inquiring of a farmer in the inn, I obtained the following explanation:

There was, it seemed, at a village some distance off, a surgeon who prided himself upon his acuteness, and continually boasted that he had never been *done.*

Now it happened one day, that a scamp who lived by his wits was lurking about the house, on the look out for plunder, and having noticed the surgeon's wife set off for market, saw presently the surgeon himself go out, as he supposed, to visit his patients. Him, likewise, he watched off the premises, and then, finding the coast clear, stole in through the front door, and walked up stairs to lay hands on whatever seemed most eligible: the booty selected was the best feather-bed; this he took on his back, and began descending the stairs, with the precaution of *coming down backwards;* he had got about half-way down when in came the surgeon again.

"Hallo! my man, where are you going with that bed?"

"Goan up stairs wi' un, sur. There's a genlman down to th' Rose and Crown, sur, as says 'is old friend o' yours, just come from Inger; and comun to stop wi' you, sur—and comun up hisself presently wi's luggage—and he've sent I up, sur, wi' these yer bed."

"I shall not admit it. I shall not admit it. I don't know any such person, and I'm not going to be imposed upon,—likely thing, indeed!—d'you suppose any stranger can come and quarter himself upon me with a tale like that? No, no, you go back, and take the bed along, too, and give my compliments to the gentleman, and say he's made some mistake, and I don't know him."

"Well, sur, 'tis warm day, sur; and make so bold, sur, I hope you'll allow me somat to drink."

"Very well, I don't mind giving you a glass, to be rid of the business—there—now, you go back, and say as I've told you."

Off walked the rascal with his burden.

By-and-by, returned Mrs. Surgeon, and went up stairs to take off her bonnet; down she came again.

"Now, my dear, always making some alteration without consulting me, and what *have* you done with that new feather bed?"

"Oh, Lord!" said the wretched man. "I see it all."

"Pray, what do you see, my dear?"

But enough. Of course the surgeon's reputation for sharpness was gone, and that was the approved way to steal a feather bed in this neighborhood.
L. B. C.

THE PLAIN WIFE.

She is not very fair, and yet
I love her quiet face;
She wears not beauty's coronet,
But there's a tender grace
Upon her brow, and in her eyes
A light which could not be,
If her thoughts were not sweet harmonies—
She's beautiful to me.

Not beautiful, save when the flush
Of feeling dyes her cheek;
When her lips are mute beneath its gush,
And leave her eyes to speak!
Not beautiful, save when some thought
Of goodness sends its glow
Across the face by art untaught;
And yet, I love her so!

For she is beautiful, though small
The gifts that overlie
The soul so beautiful in all—
In all that cannot die.
Goodness is beauty, this is why
The tides of friendship roll
Up from my heart and light my eye—
I love her for her soul.

The heart! the heart! give ME the heart,
I care not for the face,
However fair each separate part
If it lack the SPIRIT's grace;
Give ME the heart—I care not how
The form may moulded be,
If perfect love light up the brow
'Tis beautiful to me.

Extent of the Army of the Potomac.—Men marching in files are usually a little more than three feet apart. Horses, whether in cavalry or artillery, need twelve feet; a wagon in a train with four horses, occupies fifty feet. Now, if the army of the Potomac was in line, moving on a narrow country road, with cavalry four abreast, and men in files of four, accompanied by all the wagons and ambulances, and ammunition trains, it wobld reach from Boston to Hartford, a distance not far from one hundred and fifty miles.

☞ Of what use are forms, seeing that at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which at times are empty, too.

"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor.

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches.

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings!"

TO LET.

There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all to let.

There are heads to let; to any new thing, to isms, ologies, and ists; heads without a tenant.

There are hands to let. Hands plump and fair; hands lean and brown. Those to love, these to labor; these for rags, and those for rings.

There are consciences to let; elastic, accommodating, caoutchouc; at five per cent. a month, sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage, and a pound of flesh.

And so it goes, from sods to souls; almost everything to let; almost everything with its price; everything in the market but griefs. They are never quoted, never at a premium, never "to let."

Cut off the Back Legs of Your Chairs.—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half as much have been patented and elevated into a business.

It is this. If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape.

The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture.

The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high, for the average man, nor more than fourteen for the average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—*Lewis's Gymnasium.*

Autumnal Tints.—No one can maintain, after this year's experience, that frost has any special agency in the autumn coloration of leaves. Scientific men have long understood the matter, and have explained the ripening of the leaf as a simple process of vegetable growth, though the coloration of the leaves at maturity can no more be accounted for than the red of the rose, the blue of the violet, or the orange of the lily. The color which leaves assume in the fall is due to the same causes. But the popular idea that the leaves are changed by the frost is so firmly established in the minds of unscientific and unobservant people, that it is difficult to dispel. This year the foliage has assumed the most gorgeous coloring without a sign of frost, and, indeed, seems to be more brilliant on account of its non-appearance. This is perfectly natural, as the leaves have been able to gradually and freely assume the colors which belong to their ripeness, unobstructed, by sudden cold.

Immense Size of the Pyramids.—A United States naval chaplain, who has recently visited the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit, says that, taking a hundred of the New York churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw in their material into the hollow square and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia and Boston, and the structure would not be as high and solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of block was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it.

Sore Eyes and Catarrh.—The following amusing recipe for the cure of the above diseases we find in the Herald of Progress:—"Mix two ounces of sweet oil with half an ounce of camphor, over the fire. Rub this ointment in the skin of your stomach, in the cheeks, in the eyes, and very thoroughly manipulate it into your temples, and where the nose is most afflicted. Snuff sweet oil into your nose two or three times per day. *Arise! Let blood flow into your feet and hands. Become very healthy, and therefore beautiful.* Will it strongly."

☞ Artemus in the Field.—Charles F. Brown, Esq., popularly known as "Artemus Ward," has announced himself as a lecturer during the coming season.

SMALL HUMBUGS—RECIPE PEDDLERS.

Recipe peddlers are the vermin of the hambug tribe. It requires something of a genius to originate and successfully carry on a swindling lottery or gift enterprise, or some scheme requiring extensive advertising and general notoriety; but the recipe peddler can crawl about from house to house, almost unmolested, and like a predatory insect take a bite here and there to the great annoyance of his victims, but without exciting sufficient public notice to make his depredations hazardous. A man will usually suffer from a flea bite rather than be seen hunting for the insect, and in like manger, one who has been taken in by a petty swindler, generally prefers to keep quiet about it, rather than be laughed at; and thus these vermin are usually allowed to go unmolested. A few illustrations of the habits and practices of the tribe will be sufficient to guard the reader from their inflictions.

The recipe peddler usually offers for sale the secret of making honey, or vinegar, or soap, or some other common household article, with little or no trouble, and at a very trifling cost. Frequently he exhibits professed samples of his manufacture. He goes industriously from house to house, never remaining in a place long enough for his recipes to be put to the test, and the deception exposed. Sometimes the directions given are good, but they could have been found in almost any recipe book, at one-tenth the price paid to the swindler. Quite often, however, the information imparted is entirely worthless. Here is a case in point: A subscriber lately paid fifty cents for the following soap recipe, which we copy verbatim:—

One pound of Amoniacum, two pounds of Rosin, one pint of Alcohol, one quart of Salt, one pound of Cooper's Isinglass, one peck of Corn Meal sifted (!) to eight gallons of Rain-water, boiling when you put the preparation in. Then let it boil for five minutes, then set it off to cool.
William Taylor.

The peddler said this compound would make one hundred pounds of soap, at a cost of only one dollar. One half the required quantity was purchased for something over a dollar, and the directions duly followed. The result, as our informant says, was no more like soap than hasty pudding. It was good for nothing in the house; the pigs turned up their noses at it and ran away with a derisive squeal, and the whole was thrown on the manure heap. It would not be advisable for a recipe peddler to visit that house again, but the fifty cents was not entirely lost if the experience be heeded by the reader.

A Worse Humbug—Silvering Powders.—To-day, (October 1st,) we were followed two blocks by a vagabond, who poured out the foulest profane language imaginable, and we were actually compelled to hand him over to a policeman. Our offence was "interference in his business" in this "free country," where "every man had a right to follow whatever *honest* calling he chose." The gist of the matter was this: Passing the corner of Pearl and Fulton streets, we saw the fellow taking in the shillings at a rapid rate from a lot of poor women, who evidently had but few more left, and for what? Why a little box of a clay paste which was "warranted to beautifully coat with silver any article of copper, brass, German silver, etc." And in proof of the assertion, a little of it was rubbed upon a brass stair-rod, upon old-fashioned copper pennies, and upon brassy spoons, and sure enough they did glisten with a brilliant silver lustre. Indignant at the deception, we ventured to tell the eager purchasers that the quicksilver, (mercury,) thus applied would last but a brief time, and, what was worse, it would eat into and spoil the surface of any kind of metal to which it would give the lustre.

Let us here warn the readers that these silvering powders and fluids so frequently sold about the country by peddlers, and by ignorant or unprincipled merchants, are all of the same class. They will positively spoil the surface of copper, brass, German silver, or silver itself. Rub a few coatings upon a silver coin, and it will become as brittle as a pipe stem. They are either mixtures of quicksilver with colored clay or other material, or they are clear or colored solutions of quicksilver in nitric acid (aqua-fortis) diluted with water. Certain metals, such as copper, brass, silver, &c., reduce the quicksilver to its metallic state, and give a bright silvery lustre; but this will quickly tarnish, while the quicksilver will dissolve or eat into the metal itself, just as a drop of water will affect a lump of sugar. Fine emery or clay is useful to brighten surfaces of genuine silver, but there is *no* preparation that, without the aid of a galvanic battery, or heat, will give a coating of real silver. Strong heat will expel (evaporate) quicksilver, and if the reader has been injudicious enough to use any of these so-called silvering powders or washes, the best thing to be done is to at once heat the article strongly to expel the last trace of the noxious mercury. Miners frequently triturate or beat up gold-bearing rocks or sand with quicksilver, which dissolves out the gold as water would dissolve out particles of salt. The sand particles float upon the heavy quicksilver, and are removed. The liquid is then heated strongly, which evaporates the quicksilver, leaving the pure gold in a mass, or in fine powder, to be melted together. Silver can be separated in the same way. The quicksilver escaping in the form of steam or vapor, is collected in cold receivers as it escapes, and is used over again and again. This explains why such large quantities of quicksilver are sent to California, and also why the discovery of quicksilver mines there increased the value of the gold mines.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The word *skadaddle* is used throughout the whole army of the Potomac, and means "to cut stick," "vamose the ranche," "slope," "cut your lucky," or "clear out." So that Fort Skadaddle is equivalent to "Fort Runaway."

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

This little poem is from a volume of poetry recently published in England by Mrs. Hinxman.

'Twas a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together;
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow and sweet and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Checked every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild birds' happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill,
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's centre,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,
On the altar-cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair,
With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had poured the rills,
And through the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when He piled the enduring hills,
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bowed to the visible spirit of love
On those calm summits dwelling.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER V.

PROPPED UP.

It is a serious matter when the water-bottle does not dilute the feverish consequences of the night's excitement, and soda water absolveth not on the morrow. Westby lay that night in a horsehair shirt of remorse, and made great and audible confession in his small attic the next morning.

"I'm an ass and a knave!" this was the burden of the confession, amid the splish-splash of the cold water, and the work of razor and brushes.

Westby felt a grim satisfaction in emphasizing this declaration, in laying it down as a strong proposition that needed no argument for its support.

"What the deuce is the matter with me? I know I can't support a wife. I should be the veriest fool in the world to entangle myself in a hopeless engagement—and then, that I should be on the point of taking a wretched advantage of Newton's misfortune! Good God; if that girl had not been ten thousand times better and truer than I was! Curse it! what an infernal cut! sticking plaster! and I was so deuced grand in my notions of honor and all that—pshaw! it won't stick. Mighty useful thing, this conscience of mine! I'm a wretched, beggarly fellow!"

Ay, there was comfort even in heaping up all sorts of contemptuous expressions, in degrading himself in the contemplation of high principle, in thorough self-bullying. At last, being very humble and contrite, he began to find consolation in forming resolutions for work and labor on behalf of Newton and his affairs.

And Lilian Temple—this was her confession, contained in a letter to her brother:

"I know, Fred, it was very naughty of me not to write to you all this time—only adding a line to mamma's letter to tell you of my engagement. I assure you it was not laziness; the real truth is, I was not quite happy in my mind about accepting Mr. Newton, and I felt a little afraid of writing to you.—You know I told you all about Charles Westby; I shall tell you everything now. You recollect I agreed with what you said as to the folly of letting that matter rest in my mind. Well, I did manage to dismiss my foolish fancy of love, but I never could get over a sense of pique at the low appreciation he manifested for my character—that I was without power or strength to endure the serious labor of the world. Somehow, I kept dwelling on that, very foolishly, no doubt, and at last I grew to think, with his age and experience, he might have read my character aright: I had never been tried,—I might, after all, have been deceiving myself with vain ideas of excellence.

"I cannot plead that I acted without full knowledge with regard to Mr. Newton. I saw clearly from the first what his character was—no pretension to a highly cultivated intellect, no great strength of purpose, but a good heart. He made me an offer very shortly after his introduction to us; I talked the matter over with papa and mamma; they decidedly liked him, and urged very strongly his wealth and good position. I did accept him! I know you will blame me; I'm ready enough to blame myself; but the offer was made very suddenly, and I did honestly believe I could really love him as time went on. I am sure no lover could ever be more devoted in his attentions; he invariably deferred his opinion to mine; day by day I grew more convinced of the absolute power I possessed over him. I might well be flattered,—I was flattered and proud, when my spirits were at the full, but in certain times of depression and doubt, when I wanted support, why I found he was leaning on me.—You recollect, Fred, that day at Brighton, when the horses were so fresh, and I would insist on taking the reins out of your hands at the straight piece of road. I felt so proud of driving, they went so splendidly, but when something startled them in the hedge, and for all my hard pulling they kept getting ahead, and you, to punish me, would not take back the reins, why I felt a little frightened then, though I knew well enough you were at my side, and would seize the reins at any moment of real danger; but with Mr. Newton, I foresaw whatever course the events of life might take, the responsibility and direction of everything would rest with me. I was downcast and dismayed when I thought upon this.

"Then came that sad bank failure. He told me he was ruined, poor fellow! Ah, Fred! for some three hours in my room I had a hard fight of it. It was such a terrible shock. In opulence I had felt we might live very happily, but in a life of struggle—how? I told you when we used to talk about Charles Westby, that I believed I could work, strive upwards, dare and do anything, following in the footsteps of a man I admired and looked up to, but to take the lead oneself, to have to encourage, to animate another. There! I dare say Karlo Magno was right, after all. I do not in any way possess this power of endurance. I know I prayed earnestly for strength; I thought of what you would say, but it was all of no avail; the more I thought upon it, the more terrible the pledge I was called upon to make. Thank God! Karlo Magno was near me at this great time; he spoke to me as I know you would have spoken, and then I went to George Newton and promised to hold by him in adversity."

CHAPTER VI.

ON A PEDESTAL AGAIN.

Charles Westby had worked hard in George Newton's affairs, and he had worked to such good purpose that that gentleman was enabled to return to England with safety after about four months' absence. The arrangements to effect this had not been made without heavy pecuniary sacrifice, but owing, by good luck, to a railway which was proposed to pass through a large portion of Newton's property, there was every reason to believe that the purchase-money of the land would very nearly make up the loss on the bank transaction.

It was probable that if Newton had been content to remain abroad for a longer term a better bargain might have been made with the creditors, but Newton begged and prayed of Westby to forward matters, at any cost, so as to allow him to return to England. Concessions had therefore been made, which, in a business point of view, were unduly adverse to Newton. Westby's view of the affair was this: "Newton may, perhaps, lose some additional thousands, but he will the more surely secure the girl he loves." Westby, too, was strongly actuated by his own feelings; he felt he could never entirely forgive himself until he saw Lilian married to Newton. The fierce temptation of that night's interview had left its smouldering remorse at Westby's heart. Perhaps this feeling unduly blinded him to other considerations; for instance, Lilian had confessed to him the nature and quality of her love for Newton. Was it altogether satisfactory that she should marry under such circumstances? But, in answer to this, he could never break from his mind the recollection of Lilian as a child; and, as far as he could judge, the old impulsiveness of her nature was unchanged—at one moment attracted by the novelty of his own grim countenance, at another dazzled by the advantages of Newton's offer. And then he knew that Newton was such a good fellow, possessing such an excellent heart, that any woman might be fortunate in his love. Beyond all this, Lilian had pledged herself to Newton, and when he thought of this pledge he forgot all else but his own remorse at the idea that he should have been on the point of inducing her to break that pledge; and just with the same feeling with which he despised himself, did he contemplate the idea of Lilian breaking her engagement.

It was the greatest satisfaction to Westby, when, after a hard day's work at final arrangements, he was enabled to send a telegram to Newton, at Boulogne, stating that he might safely return to England; for, beyond his feeling of gratification at bringing the lovers together again, he felt relieved at the idea of Newton's affairs being wound up, his assiduity on their behalf having seriously interfered with his professional labors.

"Well, come," thought Westby, as he paid the clerk at the telegraph office, "there is an end to Newton, for this night at least. If I am only left at peace I shall be able to see the end of that brief by sticking to it hard all night."

But, alas! when Westby entered his chambers, there, before his incredulous eyes, stood Newton.

"If you are merely a spirit, I don't mind," exclaimed Westby, annoyed; "but in the flesh you have no business here."

"Your last letter—" muttered Newton, apologetically.

"Positively stated that you were not to return till sent for," rejoined Westby. "Nevertheless," and his voice somewhat softened, "you are partly absolved by circumstances, inasmuch as a message advising your return is now seeking for you at Boulogne."

"How can I ever repay all your kindness!" exclaimed Newton, clasping Westby's hands.

"Don't interrupt the judge," cried Westby, with affected solemnity. "Recollect you only stand entirely absolved on one condition, that you condense everything you have to say into five minutes. Here, look at that," and Westby pointed to a bundle of papers. "I've got to stuff every bit of it into my head before I go to bed."

"I know you have been working so hard for me; you're the best, the dearest fellow that ever lived."

So Westby was forced to listen to the outpourings of Newton's gratitude.

"It's a kindness to send you away, old boy," said Westby, when the five minutes had expired. "I know where you are off to."

"I shan't be expected, shall I?"

"Well, to say truth, you won't—for a letter which I posted this afternoon to the young lady mentions to-morrow as the earliest period for your appearance—it will be all the greater surprise."

Newton having departed, Westby buried himself in his large chair with the documents before him and his favorite pipe in his mouth. With all his efforts he felt a tendency to wander away from the subject on hand; Newton would come struggling into his mind, and Lilian, and the meeting of the lovers; but gradually as he warmed to his work, as he mastered the facts of the case, and drew his inferences, weaving them into possible arguments, his mind became perfectly absorbed. Though the generality of readers may wonder at it, I affirm that Westby experienced intense satisfaction in this severe mental application; the intricacies of the case began to clear away; bit by bit his own arguments grew side by side with the anticipated arguments of his adversary. Ah, me, the joy of antagonism, and its power to evoke the energies! In all probability, two or three other men were at the very same time in adjacent chambers at work on the same subject; men of talent equally absorbed—absorbed just as poets are absorbed in the effort of creation—tasting, too, as poets taste, the joy of creative power in new points to be raised in argument.

Thus time sped on unheeded by Westby.

There was a tap at his door; he mechanically cried "Come in!" but being so preoccupied, he was scarcely conscious that anybody had entered until he felt a hand on his shoulder; he roused himself, and looking round saw Newton pale and agitated.

"You must forgive me for troubling you at this time of night, but I saw a light in your room—that old housekeeper of yours who never seems to go to bed let me in. I could not rest, Westby, till I had told you about it. The engagement's off."

"Broken off?—impossible!"

"Broken utterly."

"By whom?" asked Westby.

"Mutually; but I must tell you that we are both pledged to silence regarding the reasons."

Westby was lost in astonishment.

"I did not come to make a confidant of you in this unfortunate affair," continued Newton. "I came, old boy, to grasp you by the hand, and tell you again—for I did not say it half enough when I saw you first—how truly sensible I am of all your efforts on my behalf. You have stuck to me, Westby, and I feel that more than I can say after what has taken place. You will forgive me for bothering you."

Westby shook Newton's hand, and he felt how it trembled.

"You have had a personal interview with Miss Temple."

"Yes. I will tell you as much as I may of the circumstances. When I left here I drove straight to their house. I found to my surprise that they had a party. I was a good deal put out by this, wishing to see Lilian quietly, and I was of course anxious to make as little talk as possible about my return to England. I was dying to see her, but somehow I had not pluck to enter the house. I stood some time behind the crowd who were looking at the people getting out of the carriages. You know I'm very stupid about these things—my travelling-dress, too, and how to explain to the men at the door who I was, for, as plague would have it, the servants seemed to have been all changed. Well, I screwed up my courage at last, and knocked at the door. There, I forgive those infernal fellows now, how the deuce should they have understood my story? but at the time I would have given anything for leave to send one of them to ground. At last I got hold of Lilian's maid, and then I learnt the rights of the affair. They had got private theatricals. Miss Temple was to play the chief part, the girl told me; she had just finished dressing her mistress, and the play had already begun; should she go and say I had arrived? I told her not to utter a word of my being in the house till the play was over, and in the meantime to put me in a room where I could remain undisturbed by the guests. After some difficulty, I found refuge in Mr. Temple's dressing-room and special sanctum. One of the bills of the performance lay on the table. I could hear the laughter and applause from the drawing-room. I listened till I could stand it no longer,—all looking at Lilian, and I, who fancied I had the best right to see her, absent. I stole down-stairs, and got into the drawing-room behind the company, hiding myself among the servants, but I could see the stage perfectly.

"By Jove, Westby, how she did act! There, it was not acting—she felt it all; I hated to see her, and yet she did look so out and out lovely. It was some French story, as far as I could make out: she was engaged to a man she did not like, and yet to suit her purpose she could smile, and laugh, and cajole. I kept saying to myself, 'It is acting, it's only acting,' and I heard the people talking in front, 'It's nature, perfect nature, not acting.' And they were right, Westby!

"I was sickened by all the laughter and applause; there was laughter and giggle, too, where I was, though in an undertone, particularly towards the end of the play. I could not but listen.

"'The fun is,' said a servant girl before me—of course they were in utter ignorance of my presence—'the fun is, she is really in love with the very man she don't like in the play. I'm sure of it.'

"'Well, he is always here, for one thing,' said another.

"I can tell you, Westby, a child might have knocked me down."

"There, there," cried Westby with disgust. "I want to hear no more of it. I can see it all. I can tell you the fellow's name—Frank Scott! I had heard some rumors, but like an ass I disbelieved them. Pshaw! I know the whole story as well as if you had given it me word for word—it's the story of a heartless flirt."

"No, no! Westby," cried Newton, vehemently. "I never meant to tell you about Scott, it will only mislead you. She is not in love with him!"

"I don't understand you, Newton."

"I can only tell you I believed it as strongly as you do now—I taxed her with it—"

"And of course she denied it," interrupted Westby. "Credat Judæus! Forgive me if I'm rather skeptical, it was not to be expected that she should confess to you the name of her new lover."

"Look you here, Westby, I only regret that it is not in my power to tell you all the facts about our last interview—she is not in love with Scott, I'm certain of that—but enough of the whole affair. It is so very painful to me that I dare not dwell on it, and just because it is so painful, and just because I feel so utterly desolate, I've come to shake your old fist and have a bit of comfort in seeing a friend who has been staunch and true throughout."

"Thank God," murmured Westby, "I can give you my hand on it." Then in a louder tone, "These misfortunes cure themselves, Newton. You are well rid of her—bear that in mind! But Fred Temple," and Westby's voice dropped, "what would he say to this? his sister a wretched jilt! You never knew Temple Newton. I can tell you this affair would have wounded him to the quick. I know he would never have forgiven her. Good God! to think Lilian should have acted thus." Westby was silent for a while, then he suddenly drew his hand from Newton's grasp. "How dare I throw stones? Newton, I'll hide nothing from you—I'm a beggarly humbug. I was once madly in love with this girl—madly, madly, I can tell you. I could speak and think rightly enough till I was tried in the fire, but then I was as weak—as weak as the meanest wretch living. I talk of despising her, indeed! That night, Newton, before she came to bid you adieu—and, mark you, she asked me as her brother's friend for my advice—there, it was rising in my soul to take advantage of your misfortune, and so win her from you; but she knew what her duty was then, if she has forgotten it now, and she told me what it was, putting the very words into my mouth, while I was struggling with my wretched thought, and so she saved me from being in very fact a scoundrel and a knave. You may cut me to-morrow, Newton, but I'm glad I've told you. I could not hold it back after what has taken place."

There was a painful silence.

Westby's words of self-accusation had burst from his lips with vehement fluency, when he began to speak again it was with the utmost hesitation and uncertainty.

"You are my very oldest friend, Newton, and I would not for worlds have you despise me. I have accused myself, therefore I have a right to say something in my own extenuation. That wretched night cured my wicked, stupid love. I swear to you, Newton, that I have done all that lay in my power to serve your interests, both with the Temples and with regard to that bank business. Do tell me you believe this."

"I do believe it, you dear old boy, from the bottom of my heart!" and Newton took Westby's hand in his.

"I wish that there was a pledge of assurance deeper than words," exclaimed Westby.

"Why, your labor in that bank affair speaks for itself," urged Newton, "and I may tell you thus much of our interview—Lilian Temple swore to me that your influence had held her for so long true to me."

Newton emphasized all this with a hearty shake of the hand.

"Good night, old fellow," said he, taking up his hat. "I shall come and breakfast with you, mind that—eight o'clock, hey?"

"I can say later, if you like."

"No, no; at eight o'clock I'm your man," and Newton left the room.

Westby understood the motive of Newton's proposal to come to breakfast. "He really does forgive me! Pshaw! I shouldn't wonder, after all, if this is not some foolish lovers' misunderstanding, which a few judicious words may set straight."

CHAPTER VII.

REAL ACTING.

But we must now give the other side of Newton's story—going back a few hours:—

"Rouge!" exclaimed Lilian, "please—no."

"Before the lights, miss, you'll be as white as a ghost," expostulated Mr. Williams, the eminent perruquier.

"As little as possible, then."

"I flatter myself, miss, I know your part as well as you do."

"Better, perhaps," replied Lilian, smiling. "Oh, where's my book? I'm never comfortable without it. Run, Jane, and see if I left it on my dressing-table."

"I don't mean, miss, word for word, but I mean the exigencies of the part," explained Mr. Williams. "If I can't conceive them somehow, I can't paint nohow. I lay in the groundwork of the passions with my colors, and then the features have only got to develope 'em at the right moment. Features, miss!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, warming with his subject, "why I've painted peoples' faces right out, so that their own fathers didn't know 'em."

"You will be more merciful to me, won't you, Mr. Williams?"

"Heaven forbid it in your case, madam," exclaimed Mr. Williams, gallantly. "I'm merely arising the natural tone of color up to the strength of the lights, with the slightest touch to give force to the leading motives. I don't wish to boast," continued Mr. Williams, anxious, as much as possible, to improve the occasion, for it was very seldom he enjoyed the opportunity for so much "dialogue." "I don't wish to boast, but if I state that I've got all the passions cut and dried at my finger's end, I state a fact. Why, you can get love and hate, and joy and sorrow, out of a twist of the brush—all human natur in a bit of camel's hair! I've studied the dodge from the old masters in the National Gallery, I have. Sometimes I asks myself what acting is, and I asks other people, too. There's my friend, Samuels, he's in a large way in the costume line—I asks him sometimes.

"'Vel, Mishter Villiams,' says he, 'I vill tell you vot acting ish. It ish the very best gold lace, and the very best shilk velvet, and plenty of 'em, it ish—try to play Mishter Shakespere vithout 'em, that's all!'

"'No, no, Mr. Samuels,' says I, 'you know what acting is well enough, and so do the actors, only they won't tell—two-thirds of it's paint!' Didn't they have me down at Her Majesty's every night 'Traviata' was on. They couldn't have done the last scene if I hadn't been there. Why, I'll undertake to paint any man, woman, or child, into a galloping consumption—nature itself, in five minutes—that I will. You've only got to hit the cough; I'll manage the face. They didn't call me on, though, when the curtain was down, not they. I ought to have had half the bouquets—that I ought; but I never have had my rights, and I never shall have my right's, the world's a sight too selfish for that."

The further enunciation of Mr. Williams' theory of dramatic art, as developed from his own particular point of view, was interrupted by Miss Temple's maid bringing her mistress the play-book, and a note—Newton's note.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear George!" cried Lilian, as she entered the room—she thought he would have clasped her in his arms, but he turned from her with a slight gesture. She understood what he meant.

"But my lips, George, there's nothing there!" She snatched up a towel, and dipping it in the water jug, rubbed her face. She saw he looked askance at her dress—the burnous had fallen from her shoulders.

"George, dear, I came the moment I got your note—they hadn't told me of it, indeed they hadn't—I wouldn't even stop to change my dress—besides, George, I thought perhaps you'd like—"

"I would rather have seen you, Lilian, as I know you."

And this was a lover's warm greeting. It was a strange, cold change; a short time before she had been surrounded by admirers, ministering to her vanity at every point.

"It's all off my face now; it is indeed George—my cheeks are burning, it's only that."

He kissed her on the forehead.

"Why didn't you tell me about this play, Lilian?"

"As you were away, George—and as I thought you couldn't return in time to see it," stammered Lilian. "Well, then, I was very wrong! You'll forgive me, George? Why, the very first hour of your return you can't refuse me anything."

This interview was so different from all that Lilian had imagined. She had thought that the demonstration of love would come from him; that she might passively receive the homage of his affection; but the initiative was cast upon her.

"I can see, George, you don't forgive me about the play."

"It's not exactly about the play, Lilian. Mind, I'm not one of those fellows who go beating about the bush—I can't stand that sort of thing. If I get hold of a story, it may be wrong or it may be right—but I speak it out, and there's the matter ended one way or the other. Now, Lilian, I've heard your cousin, Mr. Scott, is here constantly."

"Why, George, you're not jealous of cousin Frank!" exclaimed Lilian laughing. "You goose! who on earth put that idea in your head?"

"Well, Lilian," replied Newton, growing very red, "if there's no truth in it, there's no harm in my mentioning it, and then the thing's off my mind, but—"

"What, still a doubt, George!" exclaimed Lilian, piqued. "Now, pray, who told you anything about Frank? Come now, I'm determined to have this kind friend's name. Frank Scott, indeed! I dare say you've been told that he's been riding a great deal lately with papa and me—that he frequently dines here, well, perhaps three times a week—that I'm very fond of dancing with him, for he waltzes beautifully. There, George, if you had come to me I would have told you all about him. I suppose nobody ever recollected to mention that papa used to be his guardian? Of course, they quite forgot that small fact. Now, who was it, George?"

"You dear, darling girl!" exclaimed Newton, entirely convinced by Lilian's frankness. Then he would have folded her in his arms—that embrace of rapturous meeting which was to crown his return to England—but she in her turn withdrew from him.

"Do forgive me, Lilian; you must forgive me."

"I declare I will know, George—a wicked mischief-making set."

"Lilian, it would be no good telling, it would only make a stupid affair worse. Now you do forgive me? Just consider, Lilian, I think I've grown half mad in wanting to see you again; that's why the stupid story bothered me so; I couldn't bear to think of any other person occupying your affection, ever so little. I'm afraid I shan't explain myself clearly, but you'll understand my meaning. I tell you honestly, Lilian, that you are all in all to me now. I fell in love with you at first through utter fascination, I was wild to possess your hand at any cost, even with half your heart. I would have stood anything from you then—you might have trampled on me—scorned me, and I should have held to you. When that unfortunate affair took place I was changed. I learnt what true love really means—for better for worse—what comfort there is in the sympathy of a heart which is wholly one's own. Why, Lilian, at first I should only have felt jealous if I had dreamt that you possessed a feeling for anybody else, yet I should have loved you just the same; but now, Lilian, I can be content with nothing less than your whole heart, every atom, all or none. I could not tell you all this in my letters, but now you see why I was so foolish and stupid about that story."

Lilian trembled as she listened.

"It's because I'm so changed towards you, Lilian, that I want that old vow of yours again, just for the pleasure of hearing that what I value so deeply now has been mine all along—your hand on it, darling, that you do give me your whole heart."

He knelt at her chair, and with his greater strength took her hand in his. What was this he asked? An answer must be made at once. It fell to her to make it upon her instant judgment of right and wrong; no time for deliberation. Then she felt her utter weakness. Oh, for only five quiet minutes of Charles Westby's counsel and advice!

Newton watched her face, and saw the color come and go, and the burning tears, and felt her trembling hand.

"No, no, Lilian," he exclaimed, with vehemence, "you shan't answer a word; I'm an utter fool with my cursed tongue. The question is an insult. Haven't I seen you tried by my adversity? Pray forgive me for asking this wretched question. Good God, I bring sadness instead of joy!"

Lilian withdrew her hand from his.

"George, you never asked this question when you made me your offer—"

"No, no, Lilian, let us cease all this foolish talk. Why, I've positively prayed for this meeting; it was to be such happiness."

He would have clasped her in his arms, but she darted from him.

"I dare not let you believe a lie! my heart can never be wholly yours!"

Newton was wholly unprepared for this reply, although the immediate context possibly indicates the reverse. His question arose from little else than a lover's capricious fancy, or perhaps a yet lingering doubt concerning Frank Scott.

"Lilian, what is this?—No, it's impossible!"

She was silent.

Then his resentment rose.

"You did accept me, Lilian! Was that honest?"

"No, it was not honest; and God knows I have bitterly repented the act. But, George, you never asked me this question at the time."

"Pshaw! a wretched quibble!"

"No, no; you begged and prayed of me to be your wife. Did you make the slightest condition? Did you ask anything of me but my consent? I don't say this to justify myself. I did love you well enough to be your wife; far better than girls I have known who married and made their husbands happy—but not with my whole heart; I never told you that. I have fought with the wretched feeling which besets me—trampled it down! But there it lies. I can't cast it forth. Oh, George, if you had never asked me for all, I could have been true and faithful, and loved you very much—"

"But this man, the scoundrel, who is at the bottom of all this?"

"I am alone to blame for this wretched folly. I *am* telling you the truth," she said, earnestly. "I am, indeed; there is no one to blame but myself. He love me? No, no! He despises me. I'm merely a weak, foolish girl in his eyes."

"Oh, Lilian," replied Newton, mournfully, "is this story true? When I am gone, will not this man come? Why, five minutes ago you assured me you did not care for your cousin!"

She fell on her knees before him.

"It's not Frank Scott! I shall die if you don't believe me. To think that you should look on me as a liar!" and the crimson deepened in her burning face.

As he gazed on her, beholding her beauty heightened to the full by the perfection of her dress, the blind fervor of his first love returned, kindled into fury at the thought of another carrying her away. With quickest impulse he clasped her in his arms.

"Lilian, you are mine! I've had your pledge, and I stand on that right. I appeal to your honor, Lilian. I swear to make you happy. You shall love me."

"If you had never asked that question, George,—but knowing all, you will hate me in calmer times."

She had shrunk from him, terrified at his vehemence.

Then, with revulsion of feeling and maddened with jealousy, he turned from her, and told her with all bitterness to marry this man she loved, or deceive him also, as best suited her fickled purpose. In his anger he would have left the room.

But her courage arose, and she held the door against him; and even then he felt that he had used words too hard in a man's mouth against a woman.

"George Newton, you *shall* hear the whole truth. I ask but one condition, that you repeat to no one what I am about to tell you. Promise me this."

"I give you my word, Lilian."

"In the first place, you taunt me with marrying this man. I solemnly assure you that this very act of mine which separates us, will separate me from him for ever; it will brand me in his eyes as a jilt and a flirt."

Her voice faltered at those last words. A strange inconsistency marked all she said—a readiness to heap the utmost blame upon herself, combined with a desire to palliate her conduct.

"I am all this," she continued in broken utterance. "He read my character long ago—shallow—fickle. Ah me! I had formed such grand notions of myself when I first met him, and saw the noble purpose and resolution of his existence—an existence so different from the foolish, careless life, I had always lived. Well, his character worked upon mine till I reverenced and loved him with all my heart, and I fancied I might do some fine thing and make myself worthy of his love. One day, I found out, no matter how, what he really thought of me; that mine was a nature which could never merit his esteem or love. I could never hope to be raised to him. I must rest content with the shallower life for which I was fit. I was deeply hurt at the thought of this—ay, desperately wounded and cast down—and then in angry pique I resolved to accept the part in life his words had indicated—shallow, shallow. George Newton, you have confessed what your feeling was when you made your offer—my stupid face had dazzled your eyes—you held out every inducement that your money could afford—pleasures, pleasures—a life of sunshine—then when the thought of poverty and struggle rose before me for the first time, as we parted that afternoon on Salisbury Plain—I shrank back." She paused awhile, as if in doubt, and then with sudden fluency—"I said I would tell you the whole truth—I dare even tell you this man's name—Mr. Westby!"

Newton started up.

"Not Westby, Lilian! no, no," he exclaimed, with angry indignation. "For Heaven's sake, don't poison his name. Not Charles Westby!" He looked with sadness in her face. "Good God! is there no one left for me to believe in? My oldest friend! Why those cheats who robbed me of my money—but I knew Westby so well, times ago, when we were boys—"

"Pray listen before you speak of him thus!" exclaimed Lilian, terribly pained by Newton's words. "God forbid you should dream of treachery in him. If he had fallen one iota in my estimation, the feeling I had for him would have died that instant. You recollect your offer to release me from my engagement?"

"But you didn't accept it!" interrupted Newton. "And then my love for you, real love, grew tenfold. I'd ten thousand times rather the match had been broken off then—"

"Westby was with you at that time?" he exclaimed with agitation.

"And he told me," she answered, quietly, "that I was bound in honor to you, whether for poverty or riches. I don't care for myself," she continued, with passionate earnestness. "I am wicked, and fickle, and deceitful; but you must think no harm of him.—You must tell me you don't—he's been your best and truest friend! My heart has wavered through your absence—I confess it with shame—but when he has met me I have been awed into doing what is right. I heard him speak so strongly one day—I happened to be within hearing—in reprobation of a girl who had lightly broken off her engagement. I saw how utterly he despised her conduct—wicked conduct, he called it. Well, in the thought of that I have written those letters to you, half lies, which were not what I felt, till my face grew burning hot; but I fancied I was doing what I ought."

There was a painful pause.

"Mr. Newton, do tell me you believe me in this. I know I have been very false; but yet, when you put that question to me, 'My whole heart?' I told you the truth, concealing nothing. Pray, then, believe me about Mr. Westby. I shall have plenty to suffer, without thinking I have injured his character in your estimation."

"I do believe you, Lilian, and I thank God I can do it."

"Can you go and put your hand in his? I mean now, when you leave me?"

"Miss Temple!"

"It is the last request I shall ever make you."

"I cannot promise," he replied. "Thus much, though," he added, as he regarded the sad expression of her face, "I will go directly to his chambers where I know he is up at work, and if I find that the power is in me to go in and shake his hand, I will do so. Farewell, Miss Temple."

If George Newton had only waited.

Oh, human heart, passing strange—the ebbing tide of feeling was on the turn. Remorse had started into existence. Who knows? in a few minutes more he might have won her, for he had shown that he was worthy to be loved. A moment's reflection told her how great was the request she had made. Westby was not wrong when he had asserted the goodness of George Newton's heart. In her admiration for that goodness (and *admiration* formed the condition of Lilian's love), she could have thrown herself in his arms; and he, could he have forgiven her? I make no assertion; but I fancy that the strength of his resentment would have been shaken by one kiss.

But George Newton was rolling off in a Hansom to Westby's chambers; and Lilian Temple lay sobbing on the sofa in her father's dressing-room.

* * * * * * * *

"Why, where's Mr. Newton, Lilian?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, entering the room.—"Jane told me he was here."

"He has been here, mamma, but he has now gone—"

"Gone!"

Lilian made no reply.

"Not broken off, Lilian?"

"I have broken it off," she replied, with emphasis.

"I confess I can't understand you, Lilian. When Mr. Newton was supposed to be ruined—"

"Then, at least, mamma," interrupted Lilian, "give me credit for something better than mercenary motives."

* * * * * * *

"Why, Lilian, not changed your dress yet!" exclaimed Frank Scott. "By-the-by, Mrs. Vernon's been asking me about doing the play at her house."

"As far as I am concerned, Frank, I have determined never to play that part again—I hate it!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

The liberal use made of the Pacific Telegraph since it was opened to San Francisco, is a proof of its advantages to commercial and business operations. On the first day of its working forty purely business dispatches were sent through, besides many of a congratulatory character. The rates now in use are $5.95 for ten words, and 48 cents for each additional word—which are regarded as moderate for the distance, and are not likely to be reduced at present. In the Act of Congress giving authority to build the line it was expressly forbidden to fix the through rates above $4,25 for ten words, and 36 cents for each additional word; but no definite rates were mentioned for the way business.

Mr. J. B. Wade, President of the line, has telegraphed to this city that a meeting of the Directors will soon be held, and a tariff of rates made for all the intermediate points. Until then, the through rates will be paid for dispatches to Salt Lake City, Carson City, Nevada Territory, and every other station on the route. In estimating the cost of telegraphing from New York city, or other points, to San Francisco, the regular rates to St. Louis are simply added to those which now are, or may be fixed, for the Pacific line beyond. There is a difference of about 48¼ degrees of longitude between New York city and San Francisco. If a dispatch were instantaneously sent over the whole line, it would reach San Francisco at a time according to the clock of that city, about three hours and fifteen minutes before the time at which it left New York, according to the clocks here. Thus a dispatch sent from this city at the high business hour of 10¼ A. M., would arrive at San Francisco before the man to whom it was addressed was out of bed; while a dispatch started from this city in the edge of evening would find the same man up to his neck in business.

Though these astonishing things are theoretically possible, yet, practically, it takes an appreciable space of time to get a dispatch from New York to the Pacific. The weather is rarely favorable for the telegraphic feat of working so long a distance without repeating; and, even if it were, the various divisions of the line would be scarcely ever unoccupied with business which could be suspended to let a dispatch straight through. Under the present arrangement, the New York dispatch is copied four or five times before it reaches San Francisco, and has to take its turn with other dispatches at every repetition. Messages may be sent and answers received the same day; but if the wires are crowded with business, communication back and forth will probably take part of two days. For all practical purposes this is almost as good, though not near so amazing, as the instant telegraphic flash. On specially important occasions, like the arrivals of European steamers, when the atmosphere along the whole line is just right, the wires will be worked from New York, and even from Halifax to San Francisco, without interruption.

How to have a Warm Tent.—Necessity is the mother of invention, and the need of protection against the sudden cold has set the inventive wits of our Yankee soldiers to to work in good earnest. A plan was soon hit upon which answers the purpose most perfectly. This is a description of it:—A hole is dug in the centre of the tent, about two feet in depth and diameter. This is walled with stones laid in soft clay, and covered at the top, with the exception of a small aperture for the introduction of fuel.—For this aperture there must be a close fitting door, or cover, which can be opened at pleasure. Across one side of the tent a trench is laid and covered with wood and earth, through which the cold air is conveyed freely to the *bottom* part of this subterranean fireplace. From the *top* of the same, and across the *opposite* side of the tent another trench is laid and carefully covered with *stone* and earth, through which the smoke and surplus heat is carried off. This is the whole machine. The merits of it are obvious. It is universally practicable. It can be introduced easily into any tent or dwelling. The economy of it—it costs only a few hours' work for three or four men. The convenience of it, being entirely under ground, it takes up none of the precious room of our small tents. The utility of it: it dries and warms the earth within, and even beyond the entire circuit of tent, and thus prevents those damp, cold, and unhealthy exhalations from the earth which are probably the chief cause of the ill health among soldiers. The tents are thus also furnished with a moist and genial atmosphere, the heat of which can be easily increased so as to meet the exigencies of coldest part of the season. To realize the importance of this you must remember that the walls of our houses are only thin canvas; that they are so readily penetrated by cold, or heat, or moisture, that the atmosphere within follows rapidly the changes in the condition of the atmosphere without.

A New Way to Collect Southern Debts.—The firm of Morris L. Hallowell & Co., recently brought suit against certain parties in Alexandria, Va., to recover an amount due for goods. The Provost Court, Judge Freese, was called upon to adjudicate, and the proceedings are of interest to every merchant in Philadelphia and the North.

The question appeared to resolve itself into this, viz.:—Whether Alexandria was under martial law, and whether, if such was the case, it was legal for a military court to appoint a commission—hold the goods found in the store liable for the debt—value them at such prices as they would bring at a public sale in a fair market—approve the report of the Commissioners, and deliver the goods so appraised to the claimants within five days from the issuing of the order. The case was carried by the Alexandria merchants to the President and Cabinet for decision. If they sustain the action as proposed, Northern merchants having debts due them by Southern storekeepers, can collect them in this summary manner, as our forces advance into the rebellious states.

New Mexico.—From New Mexico we learn that there are 3,500 volunteers in service there. The Indians report a large body of troops marching from the West, and many think that these are the volunteers from California. A company of New Mexican troops were attacked by 100 rebels near Fort Craig, and their captain wished to surrender, as the horses had been stampeded. The men refused, retreated to Fort Craig, and secured their horses. The rebels pursued them, but 100 regulars from the fort attacked and defeated them, killed their captain and ten men, wounded about thirty men and killed about thirty horses.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

After Icebergs with a Painter. A Summer Voyage to Labrador and Around Newfoundland. By Rev. Louis L. Noble. Author of the "Life of Cole," "Poems," &c. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A record of the expedition of the painter Church among the icebergs, in 1859, from the pen of the clergyman who accompanied him. The delay in the publication of the little volume has probably occurred in order that it might leave the press at about the time that Church's great painting of the Icebergs makes its appearance to the world; that this book and the painting might

"Each lend each an added charm."

There is no doubt that this association lends an interest to the journal of the Rev. Mr. Noble which we might not otherwise find in it. Its language is diffuse, its moralising trite and feeble, and its attempts at fun and humor profoundly solemnising. A remarkable instance of this latter quality of the author's style is to be found in chapter III, where after promising that the painter told them a story so capitally funny as to even charm away the horrors of sea-sickness, he proceeds to recount it, a sober and grievous tale of being lost in a tropical forest at midnight.

Ardent admirers that we are of Mr. Church, anxious to find him as admirable as a genial story-teller as he is as a painter, we follow the rather dull tale of his troubles with attention, waiting anxiously for "the laugh to come in," and only discover that the climax has been reached when the reverend narrator pauses to assure us that "Lying as I was in my berth, rolled in cloak and blanket, and looking neither at the face nor motions of the speaker, I laughed at this story until the tears ran copiously, and I forgot that I was miserable and sea-sick." Alchemy is out of fashion now-a-days, but it seems it can be practised backward in turning *this* kind of gold to lead.

The value of this book—for it has value, in spite of its lack of humor and sprightliness—is to be found in its appreciation and description of scenery and natural beauty of all kinds. The wildly rocky shores of Newfoundland, lined with the multitudinous ranges of fishing flakes, "a kind of thousand-legged shelves, made of poles, and covered with spruce boughs, for drying fish, the local name for cod," the verdurous summer huts, and the primitive and simple-hearted fisher folk that ply their trade there, are described with a faithful minuteness that is sufficiently clear and graphic.

The sterile and mournful shores of Labrador interest us in the description of the brief flush of summer glory which clothes their sombre and grassless hills with many-colored mosses, soft, fragrant and inlaid with exquisitely odorous blossoms. "Green and yellow mosses, ankle-deep, and spotted with blood red stains, carpet the crags, and little vales, and cradle-like hollows. Little gorges and chasms, overhung with miniature precipices, wind gracefully from the summits down to meet the waves, and are filled, where the sun can warm them, with all bloom and sweetness, a kind of wild greenhouse. We run up them, and we run down them, fall upon the cushioned stones, tumble upon their banks of softness, as children tumble upon deep feather beds, and dive into the yielding cradles embroidered with silken blossoms.—Willows, with a silvery down upon their leaves, willow trees no larger than fresh lettuce, and the mountain-laurel of the size of knitting-needles, with pink flowers to correspond, cluster here and there in patches of a breadth to suit a sleeping child."

The icebergs, the pursuit of which was the end and aim of the excursion, are of course the chief heroes of the descriptive narrative. Off the coasts of Labrador their mighty ice-palaces were found floating down to the warmer waters where they meet their fate, not by gradual melting and disintegration, but by a sudden crash of demolition which, occurring so frequently as it does, renders the chase after icebergs excitingly dangerous enough to satisfy Gordon Cummings himself. A berg which they were in pursuit of, and which perished before their very eyes, is thus described:—

"Between my last dot and now—an interval of ten minutes, Windsor Castle has experienced the convulsions of an earthquake, and gone to ruin. A magazine of powder fired in its centre, could not more effectually, nor much more quickly, have blown it up. While in the act of sketching, C—— suddenly exclaimed: When lo! walls and towers were falling asunder, and tumbling at various angles with apparent silence into the ocean, attended with the most prodigious dashing and commotion of water. Enormous sheaves of foam sprung aloft and burst in air; high, green waves, crested with white-caps, rolled away in circles, mingling with leaping shafts and fragments of ice re-appearing from the waves in all directions. Nearly the whole of this brilliant spectacle was the performance of a minute, and to us as noiseless as the motions of a cloud. When the uproar reached us, it was thunder doubled and redoubled, rolling upon the air like the quick, successive strokes of a drum, or volleys of the largest ordnance."

The illustrations of this pretty volume are, we presume, from Church's sketches, taken upon the spot, and are exquisitely engraved upon seatinted paper. They add a charm to a book which with all its little egotisms and puerilities, has given us as much pleasure as its evidently amiable and well-meaning author need desire his readers to receive from it.

The Soldiers of the French Revolution.—Gœthe was present at the siege of Mentz by the Duke of Brunswick, in 1793, and gives a spirited account of the French army as it marched out after the capitulation, a long line of "dwarfish, insignificant-looking, tattered sans culottes." Yet they were men full of power; and, on the plains of La Vendee, soon after, they showed of what stuff they were made. Those who have seen the old veterans of the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, well know that they are not, ordinarily, very large men; they are, indeed, rather under the medium height, but they have, many of them, exceedingly honorable testimonials to their efficient services.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

Reported Battle Between Generals Lane and Price at Sarcoxie.

Springfield, Mo., Oct. 30.—[Special to the St. Louis Democrat.]—A negro, who says he left part of Gen. Price's army at Sarcoxie, in Jasper county, on Monday night, reports that Gen. Lane had just made an attack on the rebels, but he knows nothing of the result. He says that when ten miles distant from Sarcoxie he still heard the firing of cannon.

His story seems improbable, as Gen. Lane only left Hermanville, which is eighty miles distant from Sarcoxie on Sunday morning. A scout arrived here last night, reports that when six miles from Sarcoxie, on the Mount Vernon road, he heard artillery from 8 o'clock till dark, on Monday, and that the firing was rapid. He also heard firing on Tuesday morning.

Whereabouts of Price—Lane Attacks his Rear Guard.

Jefferson City, Nov. 3.—A scout who arrived here yesterday reports that he left Price on Sunday last at Neosho with 13,000 of his own men, and 5,000 Indians under General McCullough. They have no intention of making a stand in Missouri. McCullough had himself gone to Fayetteville, Arkansas, to change the direction of the rebel reinforcements to camp Walker, Arkansas, instead of Missouri, where Price will join him.

General Lane is South of Price, and has sent to General Fremont for reinforcements. A large mounted force has gone to the aid of General Lane, who has had a skirmish with Price's rear guard, but the result was not known.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Lieut. Gen. Scott left here this morning in a special train for New York. He goes from Baltimore via Harrisburg, the object being to make his journey as private and free from excitement as possible.

Last night a field battery, attached to the brigade of Gen. Sickles, fired from the Maryland shore on the rebel steamer George Page, lying in Quantico creek, two miles off. Several shells exploded over her, and one hit her, causing a speedy evacuation of her crew.

The rebel batteries on the Virginia side, returned the fire briskly, throwing shot and shell clear to the Maryland shore, but no damage is reported.

Yesterday the rebels opened a new battery on the river, and celebrated the raising of two mammoth rebel flags.

James Lesley, Jr., Esq., the present Chief Clerk of the War Department, has been appointed Consul at Nice.

There seems to be but little doubt that nearly a week ago a special messenger left Washington with a letter to General Fremont, ordering him to transfer his command to General Hunter, until a successor shall be specially designated.

It is understood that the naval expedition is not directly aimed at cities on or near the southern coast. The troops will land at thinly settled places, with spacious harbors, and will at once open cotton ports and establish a basis of operations for additional forces now mustering.

A contraband, brought in yesterday, states that when he left Centreville on Tuesday the rebel force there was 50,000 strong; and that two miles beyond Fairfax, Bonham's command was stationed. The railroad from Fairfax to Manassas is still in operation.

Affairs across the river are unchanged. General Heintzelman's pickets continue to advance down the Virginia shore, and have crossed to Occoquan.

The Government has been notified of the completion of the Pacific Telegraph line, by Hiram Sibley, Esq., President of the Western Union Company. This gentleman is at Washington, to execute the supplemental contract with the Government.

The steamer Powhatan arrived at the Navy Yard this morning, having run the blockade last night.

Recovery of Bodies from the Potomac.—Five bodies of the victims of the fight at Ball's Bluff were fished out of the Potomac to-day at the Chain bridge. They were so mutilated as to be beyond recognition; only one of them was apparently wounded.

Arrival of a Prisoner from Richmond on Parole—An Exchange of Prisoners.—Lieut. Alfred Kautze, of the steamer Flag, who has been a prisoner in the hands of the rebels since the 25th of June, arrived here on Friday. He was captured off Hatteras Inlet while in charge of a prize schooner, and is absent on his parole for the purpose of affecting an exchange of prisoners. He says that the Federal prisoners at Richmond are suffering from the weather and an inefficiency of clothing. In case an arrangement for the exchange of prisoners cannot be effected, he is to return to his confinement in Richmond jail within 50 days.

The storm of Saturday night was very severe along the Potomac, the soldiers suffered much from their camps being overflowed and their tents blown down.

The great naval expedition was spoken on Wednesday morning, off Hatteras, by the English schooner James Butler. The weather was then fine. Her captain knew nothing of the object of the expedition.

The body of Col. Baker will arrive in Philadelphia on Thursday afternoon, and on Friday will lie in state in Independence Hall. On Saturday it will be exposed to the New York public, and on Monday will be placed on the steamer for California.

By the steamship City of New York we have later news from Europe. The London Times deprecates any interference with the blockade. Dr. Russell, in his last letter to the Times, asserts that England and the United States were all but at war three months since.

From San Francisco—Volunteers for Oregon and New York—A Million in Treasure.—San Francisco, Oct. 30.—Five volunteer companies have sailed for Oregon.

The dates from Hong Kong are to Sept. 19. The Emperor of China's death occurred on the 22d of August.

Commercial.—The markets are steady; butter 15c; candles dull; crushed sugar 13¼c; spirits, wines, and tobacco slightly more active.

The steamer Golden Gate has sailed for Panama with $1,000,000 in treasure. She carries 14 army officers, 500 soldiers, and 200 other passengers.

☞ The Boston Journal relates an instance of business tact and thrift on the part of two little boys, worthy of note. They are the sons of Paul Stevens, of Camden, Maine, aged nine and eleven years, who, since the fall of Sumter, have realized a profit of more than $100, in selling the Boston daily papers, and invested each $50 in Government Treasury Notes. During all the time they have regularly attended school.

☞ A woman, in a New York paper, gives notice that she is willing to take a *respectable baby* to nurse.

☞ Dr. Johnson says, "Good actions are never lost or thrown away." That is probably the reason one so seldom meets with them.

MISSOURI.

Fremont's Advance Beyond Springfield, at Ozark—Exchange of Mulligan.

Springfield, Oct. 29.—The total number of killed, wounded and missing, of the body-guard is 51. The killed and wounded of the rebels, according to their own account, numbers 80.

The Home Guard appear to have come out strongly of late. They captured and brought back Major White, who was a prisoner, and the fourteen rebels who were taking him to General Price's camp. Last night about twenty of them charged on Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Price and twelve other rebels, killing one of them, twelve miles south of here, and bringing all the rest on, and they are now prisoners in our camp.

The rear divisions of our army are coming up to us by forced marches. Gen. Pope and Gen. Hunter's commands are expected here this evening, and Gen. McKinstry's to-morrow. All our troops are in the best of spirits and full of enthusiasm.

Gen. Fremont has taken possession of the flouring mill in this county, and is rapidly gathering supplies for the army.

Gen. Price is near the Arkansas line. It is doubtful whether he will give us battle.

The rebel officers thought that the body guard that made the attack upon them was 2,500 strong, and on their retreat swore at their men for acting like a pack of cowards.

We got about sixty of their muskets which they dropped in their flight.

Our advance is at Ozark, fifteen miles south of Springfield.

Fifteen of the Body Guard were buried yesterday afternoon with military honors. The Burtone Cadets, Holman's Sharpshooters, Gen. Fremont and staff, all the surviving and unwounded Guards, and a large number of citizens (both male and female) followed in the procession. The bodies were buried in one grave, into which Gen. Fremont cast the first earth.

Jefferson City, Nov. 1.—Passengers from the West report that Col. Mulligan, the hero of Lexington, has been released by Gen. Price. He was seen at Warrensburg to-day, on his way to Lexington, to bring away a child he had left there.

This release indicates that the commission sent from St. Louis, some days since, to effect the release of Col. Mulligan and Peabody and Major Van Horn, for Gen. Frost, Col. Bowen and Major Williams, who were captured at Camp Jackson, has been successful.

Zagonyi's Charge at Springfield.—The St. Louis Democrat says:—

Many will regard the recent daring exploit of Major Zagonyi and his intrepid band as savoring considerably of rashness. Were it not that the intelligence is clearly authentic, being officially transmitted, it might be well doubted. The act unquestionably is, however, that a force of only one hundred and fifty dragoons deliberately charged upon full fourteen times their number of infantry and completely routed them. This, too, when the latter had been opportunely apprized of their enemy's approach, and were drawn up in battle array to receive them! It is further noticeable that Zagonyi was under no necessity of incurring the peril of such odds against him, and could honorably have refrained from the attack. The detailed account of this extraordinary affair places the signal valor of the assailants in a still stronger light.

The rebel forces had been carefully posted on a commanding elevation, and so disposed that they were accessible only by charging down a narrow lane and levelling a high fence, directly under hostile fire. Thus far, the war has furnished no instance of more dauntless bravery. The rout of the amazed rebels was continued until Springfield was again cleared of them, and the stars and stripes floated as of old from the court-house of that much abused town. Night, of course, made it requisite that the little band of victors should seek a place of secure repose; but there is no doubt that on the next day (Saturday) the success was thoroughly followed up by a force amply sufficient to restore assured tranquillity to the city.

This brilliant charge is said to have cost the Guard a loss of fifteen killed and a number wounded. The achievement is significant as an illustration of the spirit of Fremont's men.

[Two Philadelphians were in Gen. Fremont's body guard at the battle of Springfield. Lieutenant Walter Newhall, son of Thomas A. Newhall, had his horse shot twice by rifle balls and once by a load of buckshot. His sabre was bent in thrusting, and he lost his pistols in the hand fight. Chas. Treichel, another Philadelphian, escaped without a wound, though he fought bravely.]

☞ When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall *die* like beasts, they will soon be brought to *live* like beasts also.

☞ "How different you soldiers are from Us," said Arabella to the captain; "with Us, a Conquest only begins, while with you it ends the Engagement!"—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The revolution in commerce which this war inaugurated has dethroned the Southern King Cotton, and the Northern King Corn now reigns instead. Poor Cotton cannot feed his own subjects at home, has no revenue, and gets no more adulation abroad. King Corn is the monarch for the times. Long live King Corn! Even the rebels bow to him—for they are generally getting "corned" on Corn whiskey.

☞ A Texas paper says that "nobody ever saw Wigfall drunk." But Prentice says he has seen him when he wasn't sober by a jug-full.

☞ The rebels are down on their natural brothers, having lately robbed a lunatic asylum in Missouri.

☞ It appears that this country has saved during the last nine months, eighty-nine millions of dollars in diminished imports. Some of our English friends think this positively wicked—"as bad as slavery."

☞ A good story is told of the late W. E. Burton, which we have never seen in print. While travelling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beef steak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travellers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it; bring me some."

☞ Iowa.—An Iowa letter says:—"Every orchard here is loaded down with apples.—We shall revel in them this winter; 25 to 30 cents per bushel. Corn is 16 cents a bushel; eggs 6 cents a dozen; flour two dollars per hundred pounds. There is no market for anything." Apples are scarce in the East.

☞ "Toby, what did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?"

Toby—"I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

DELUSIONS AS TO BAYONET WOUNDS.

The popular idea of soldiers in a bayonet charge, struggling hand to hand and face to face, with fixed bayonets, is likely to be exploded, like many other delusions. We find, by referring to Guthrie's Commentaries on Army Surgery, that these struggles never occur. We quote from that eminent authority:

A great delusion is cherished in Great Britain on the subject of the bayonet—a sort of monomania very gratifying to the national vanity, but not quite in accordance with matter of fact. Opposing regiments, when formed in line, and charging with fixed bayonets, never meet and struggle hand to hand and foot to foot, and this for the very best possible reason, that *one side turns round and runs away* as soon as the others come close enough to do mischief; doubtless considering that discretion is the better part of valor.

Small parties of men may have personal conflicts after an affair has been decided, or in the subsequent scuffle, if they cannot get out of the way fast enough. The battle of Maida is usually referred to as a remarkable instance of a bayonet fight, nevertheless the sufferers, whether killed or wounded, French or English, suffered from bullets, not bayonets. The late Sir James Kempt commanded the brigade supposed to have done this feat, but he has assured us that no charge with the bayonet took place, the French being killed in line by the fire of musketry; a fact which has of late received a remarkable confirmation in the published correspondence of King Joseph Bonaparte, in which Gen. Regnier, writing to him on the subject, says:

"The 1st and 42d Regiments charged with the bayonet until they came within 15 paces of the enemy, when they turned, et prirent la fruite. The second line, composed of Polish troops, had already done the same."

Wounds from bayonets were not less rare in the Peninsular war. It may be that all those who were bayoneted were killed, yet their bodies were seldom found. A certain fighting regiment had the misfortune one very misty morning to have a large number of men carried off by a charge of Polish Lancers, many being also killed.

The commanding officer concluded they must all be killed, for his men possessed exactly the same spirit as a part of the French Imperial Guard at Waterloo. "They might be killed, but they could not by any possibility be taken prisoners." He returned them all dead accordingly. A few days afterwards they re-appeared, to the astonishment of everybody, having been swept off by the cavalry, and had made their escape in the retreat of the French army through the woods. The regiment from that day obtained the ludicrous name of the "Resurrection men."

The siege of Sebastopol has furnished many opportunities for partial hand to hand bayonet contests, in which many have been killed and wounded on all sides, but I do not learn that in any engagements which have taken place, regiments advanced against each other in line, and really crossed bayonets as a body; although the individual bravery of smaller parties was frequently manifested there, as well as in the war in the Peninsula.

The French Press.—Ever since the advance in the price of bread, which occurred on that day, followed immediately by riots among the people in the faubourg St. Antoine, the press seems to have received a *mot d'ordre* to conciliate the northern states—so uniformly has its tone been one of sympathy and encouragement as compared with that which prevailed before. The people think that if there were trouble with America, we might prohibit the shipment of grain, and so increase the price of provisions as to starve them; hence they are impatient of anything in the papers calculated to irritate us, and the Government and the journals alike have been obliged to heed them and moderate their tone. This is my construction upon the change, and as it harmonizes with a profound respect for the ordinations of a good Providence, I fancy it is not very far out of the way. It is good theology, if not sound politics.—*Letter from Paris.*

A Sockdologer for Buckner.—A loyal young lady who was on a visit to a house frequented by the rebel General Buckner, refused to see him when he called. In passing from one room to another, however, being very near-sighted, she accidentally came upon Buckner and his company, when the gentleman aforementioned, thinking perhaps that the tact and gallantry of Buckner would extricate both of them from the situation, or possibly without thinking at all, stepped forward, saying:—"Miss ——, permit me to introduce to you Gen. Buckner." The General bowed graciously, and, in all the confidence of irresistible station, extended his hand. "I never," said the proud girl, bowing with the coldness of scorn, "take the hand of a traitor," and passed out of the room, leaving Buckner and his introducer standing in speechless shame and chagrin.

Lane in Missouri.—General Lane entered Pleasant Hill the other day, and after planting the United States flag, called the citizens together, and made them a speech, in which he told them that flag has been your protection and shall be still. *So long as it remains here you are safe, but if it is cut down, by the Eternal I will return and burn your town.*

He then withdrew his men, and although the inhabitants are all Secessionists, and this affair occurred two weeks ago, *that flag is still waving over the town.*

Large numbers of Secessionists are returning to this part of the country every day from the rebel army, and their increasing strength is exciting considerable alarm among the Union citizens, who fear as soon as the troops leave they will renew their depredations.—*Letter from Missouri.*

☞ Imitation cashmeres have been seen and examined by some of our exchanges, made at the Pacific Mills, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, surpassing those of French manufacture in brilliancy of color and evenness of pattern.—The richest of French cashmeres contain but twelve colors, but the specimens under notice have sixteen, all the result of one impression. The delaines of the Pacific Mills have a deserved popularity, and command a cent higher price per yard than those of any other mill. These mills are running now full time and give employment to seventeen hundred hands.

☞ Young misses are advised by the latest fashions that nets for the hair are dispensed with altogether, and the loose mass of hair which has been gathered at the back of the neck, is neatly and tastefully arranged in broad loops, braided low at the sides.

☞ In the Fight.—Senator Atchison, of Missouri, is fighting among the rebels—this accounts for their whiskey being short.

☞ It appears that Government is doing something for the advancement of civilization among the aborigines. Among the stock of presents sent out by Gov. Nye to distribute among the Washoe Indians is a fine assortment of ladies' hoops!

GREAT COMMANDERS
WHO HAD NO MILITARY EDUCATON.

It is interesting in our present struggle to recur to the beginning of the military career and the preparatory education received by the most renowned captains and commanders, during the wars of the first quarter of this century. Every one is familiar with the early history of Napoleon and of Wellington. The following information concerning their contemporaries shows how few of them received any scientific military education, their talents and genius being revealed in actions on the field of battle:—

Augereau—Scarcely educated; he enlisted as a volunteer in the rank and file.

Blucher—No military education.

Berthier—Military engineer; he was always in the staff, never commanding troops.

Bessieres—Hairdresser; enlisted as a volunteer in the rank and file.

Clauzell—No preparatory education; rank and file.

Davoust—From military school at Brienne, he entered the cavalry; he was considered, with Massena, next to Napoleon.

Bernadotte—No military education; he began as a volunteer in the rank and file.

Gouvion St. Cyr—Drawing teacher; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Gerard—No military education; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Gneisenau—No military education; he rose from the ranks.

Hoche—No military education; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Kleiber—Architect; slender military education; he began in the regular infantry.

Kleist—No special military education.

Macdonald—No special military education.

Marmont—Educated for the military.

Massena—No military education; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Maison—No military education; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Montebello (Lannes)—Dyer; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Mortier—No military education; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Soult—No special military education; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Junot—Public school education: a volunteer in the rank and file.

Moreau—Lawyer; a volunteer in the rank and file.

Any one perusing this list will be able to make for himself the natural deductions, and will gain confidence in volunteers, from whom have come the greatest number of renowned commanders in the French armies.

EARL DE GRAY, A CABINET MINISTER, ON THE AMERICAN REBELLION.—At the annual banquet of the Mayor of Ripon, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 8, Earl de Grey and Ripon, and the borough members, Mr. H. Greenwood and Mr. R. A. Vyner were present.

In reply to the toast of her Majesty's Minister, Earl de Grey said that doubtless the hearty response which they had given to the toast, was intended to show that they shared the confidence that was felt in Lord Palmerston as a Minister, as one who desired to uphold the reputation of England, to take every measure which would conduce to the prosperity of the country, and endeavor to protect our shores and defend our honor.—(Cheers.) *The foreign policy of the government, as far as regarded their principle of non-intervention, by which they had endeavored to guide their course in all the complications of foreign politics*, had received the unanimous verdict of the country in its favor.

On the other side of the Atlantic the fearful scourge of civil war had broken out among our kinsfolk; and her Majesty's government, *with the consent of all parties and every man in the country, had perseveringly upheld the principles of neutrality*, and desired in no way to interfere in that terrible contest, however they may lament it. But if we stood aloof during the calamity, he trusted it would not be regarded as showing a lack of sympathy for our kinsfolk, but a strict pursuance of a policy which we considered the best for the welfare of the nation, and the preservation of a friendly feeling with the combatants. But this principle might be put to a severe test. He regretted to say *that we ourselves might yet have to suffer, and suffer severely, from the effects of the civil war in America.*

If it were continued, and continued in the manner present appearances seemed to indicate, it was too much to be dreaded that the great branches of our national industry might be brought into a state of great stagnation, which might produce a deplorable amount of suffering, and the next winter might be a period of great trial for the people of this country, and especially for the working classes, such as had not been seen for many years. If this, unfortunately, should be the case, he trusted that nothing would induce the people of England to resort to any course which might seem likely to them, in the height of that suffering and misery, to cut short the evil *by forcing their way by any illegitimate or unfair means to the attainment of objects which might appear favorable to their own interests.* (Applause.)

THEFT OF A CHILD OF TEN YEARS.—A young man, now in company I, Capt. Steele, Wade and Hutchins's Cavalry, was enlisted under the name of John Gruff, in Medina county. He knew nothing of his parentage, but some years since he was taken from the Medina County Poor House, at Westfield, by a Mr. Briggs, of that town, afterwards lived with a Mr. Dean, remaining with the latter person five years. He is now nineteen years of age.

On Sunday last Gruff was roaming near the Oak Grove House on the Heights, and a slumbering, indefinite, dreamy memory was excited, as if of former familiarity with the location. The name of Trouska came to his brain, how and why he could not tell, but a flash of home and parents came up and instigated an inquiry for a family of the name of Trouska, and he found one which had lived there some years, but neither man or woman could speak English, and Gruff could speak no German. An interpreter, however, was found, and the long and short of the matter was that the old people found in Gruff a son lost, or stolen, when ten years of age. The imagination can give the scene of recognition. The parents had mourned their child as dead, and yet he had for all that time been within thirty miles of them. How John Gruff got his name, and where, he does not know.—*Cleveland Herald.*

GEN. THOMAS'S REPORT.—In relation to the publication of this report relative to Gen. Fremont, and the state of affairs in Kentucky, the *N. Y. Daily Tribune* says:—

"It came to us *in regular course from the War Department, with authority to give it to the public through our columns.* It is not for us to decide upon the fitness of official reports for publication. On that point the departments are quite able to judge for themselves, and we should not feel at liberty to reject either Gen. Thomas's or Gen. Stone's for any such reason."

A CONTRABAND, describing the stampede of the Secesh from Warsaw, Mo., when Fremont's advance was about entering the place, said:—"Why, Massa, an hour after they heard you gemmen was comin', all the bills round here was *rattlin'*."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Manchester American says it is not true that New Hampshire has furnished her full quota of soldiers for the war, as has been announced. When the regiments now ordered shall be filled, the number of soldiers, including the battery, the sharpshooters and cavalry, will be all that have been called for from the state, but it will be some weeks before the regiments will be ready to enter the service.

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.—A Paris correspondent says that from some cause at present not known, the average of the duration of human life is rapidly diminishing. From 1825 to 1850 this average was forty years; it is now very little more than thirty-seven years, according to recent statistical returns.

MR. M. B. LOWRY, recently elected to the Pennsylvania State Senate from the Erie district, declared that he was in favor of emancipation under the war power. He says:—"Were I Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces, I would arm and place the negroes that came to me in the front ranks of the army, and let their rebel claimants fire into their stolen property, with their stolen arms, at the rate of a thousand dollars a shot."

GEN. KELLY AT ROMNEY.—Kelly is said to have captured, at Romney, from four to five hundred prisoners, among whom is Col. E. M. Armstrong, late member of the Richmond Convention, two hundred horses, three wagon loads of new rifles, three cannon, a large quantity of corn, tents, and, in fact, everything they had. The loss on our side was but one man killed and five wounded. Our troops were (for once) double the number of the rebels.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—Hon. Nathaniel Wolfe, member of the Kentucky Legislature, and a well-meaning but somewhat injudicious gentleman, exhorted our people, at the Cooper Institute ratification meeting, recently, to join him and the Union men of Kentucky, in reviving some scheme of compromise, with a view to the restoration of peace. The storm of disapprobation with which his recommendations in that respect were greeted, must send him home fully convinced that the city of New York, at least, has no desire that the Government lay down its arms until the rebels are brought to their senses, and made to obey the laws, with the rest of us.—*New York Correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger.*

SWALLOWING A DIAMOND.—A costly mouthful seems to have been taken a few days ago in one of the New Jersey villages, according to the statement of one of the local papers. It seems, from the account, that Mrs. Jackson, of New Durham, Hudson Co., some two weeks ago, lost an heir-loom in the form of a diamond. At the time a little son, about five years old, was playing around, and hearing his mother talk about it, he looked up and said to his mamma, "I know where it is; I hid it, mamma, I hid it." The mother thinking the child was playing, took no further notice. Some ten days after he was taken very sick, and complained of his stomach. A lady present suggested a gentle emetic to be given to the child. Warm water was resorted to, when he vomited, and to his mother's astonishment the diamond came up. In the course of an hour or two the little fellow grew better, and told his mamma that he would not "hid it" any more.

A STRONG STATEMENT.—We have seen some loud puffs of our Lake Superior mineral wealth, but we submit that the Marquette Journal is in advance of all its contemporaries. It says that if all the iron of that region was dug from the earth, it "might almost entertain the apprehension that the earth would lose its balance and stagger from its orbit."—*Detroit Tribune.*

OLD CRACKERS.—A letter from the McLean Regiment says:—"The crackers we eat are stamped '1810,' and the boys say they have seen several marked 'B. C.'"—*Erie Constitution.*

NOT THE SULTAN "AS WAS."—The Sultana Aziz is undoubtedly an unhappy woman. When her husband Abdul ascended the throne, he refused the customary beautiful slave out of regard for Mrs. Aziz. But lately, it seems, he repents his virtue, and has sent to Circassia for 150 young and handsome girls, meaning to establish a harem. This freak requires, cash down, upwards of $125,000.

IT is said that General McClellan has issued an order to the various regiments under his command exonerating General Stone from the responsibility in the Ball's Bluff affair, and attributing the disaster to the indiscretion of a subordinate officer whose name is not mentioned.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.—Highly trustworthy information from France establishes in diplomatic circles in Washington the fact that the Emperor Napoleon, and his Government, consider the integrity, greatness, and prosperity of the American Republic to be identical with the present and future prosperity of France.

FORTRESS MONROE, October 31. The tug Ethan Allen, of the great expedition, returned to Hampton Roads this morning, in consequence of the rough weather on the coast below. She brings no particulars of importance respecting the expedition.

FREMONT'S 200 officers whom the government will not recognize or pay, held a meeting and decided that, though the pay was needful to them, it was no mercenary or personal motive that brought them into the field, and, pay or no pay, commission or no commission, they would remain in it as long as the country needed their services. Major Zagonyi, who led the body-guard in the charge at Springfield, was one of them.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been more active, and holders generally have put up their prices 12½@25c ℔ bbl since the close of last week, with sales of some 18,000 bbls to note, mostly for export, at $5,37½@5,62½ for mixed and straight superfine: City Mills is held higher; $5,62½@5,87½ for extras, the latter for City Mills; $5,62½@6,25 for extra family, selected lots at the latter figure, and $6,50@6,75 for high grades do, including 1050 bbls Brandywine at $6,25; 1000 bbls Broad street Mills extra, 200 half bbls do, 300 bbls Jenny Lind family on private terms, and 500 bbls fine Flour at $5 ℔ bbl; superfine, extra and extra family at from $7 to $7,50 ℔ bbl for fancy brands as in quality. Rye Flour is very scarce, with small receipts and sales at $3,87½@4 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal is dull at $2,81¼ ℔ bbl. 1000 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat. Sales of about 90,000 bus are reported, mostly for export, at from $1,25 to $1,33 for inferior to good and prime Western and Penna Reds, chiefly at the latter rate, including choice lots at $1,34@1,35, prime Southern do at $1,35@1,37, and White at from $1,40 to $1,48, as in quality. Rye has been arriving more freely, and is rather lower, with sales of 15,000 bus to note at 66@68c for Southern, and 71@73c for Penna. Corn—Some 38,000 bus found buyers at 60@62c for yellow, in the cars and in store, and 62@63c, afloat. Some White also sold at 68@70c, and new Penna Yellow, in small lots, at 55@56c. Oats are in fair request, with sales of 35,000 bus at 37@39c for Southern, in cars and afloat, and 40c for Penna. Barley and Malt are steady, but inactive, with moderate sales of the former at 70@75c, and of the latter at 80@90c.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little demand for bbld Meats, and prices are steady at $15@15½ for Mess Pork, and $13@15 for Mess Beef; some 2000 bbls have been taken, mostly of the latter, on terms kept private. Bacon moves off slowly at 7½@9c for plain and fancy Hams; 6½@7c for Sides, and 5½@6c for Shoulders. A contract for 100,000 lbs Sides was taken at from $6,90 to 7,20 packed in boxes. Green Meats are scarce, and we hear of no sales. Lard is also scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. Tcs and bbls are quoted at 9½@9¾c, and kegs at 9½@9¾c, cash, with sales of 280 pkgs. Butter is unchanged, and dull at 8@9c for packed, and 10@12c for Roll, with limited sales. Cheese moves off as wanted at 6½@7½c ℔ lb. Eggs are more plenty at 15c ℔ dozen.

COTTON.—The demand is limited, and the week's sales reach about 150 bales, within the range of 21@24c for low to good middling quality, mostly cash.

ASHES.—The market is firmer, and rather more active at quotations.

BARK.—Quercitron is steady, with further small receipts and sales at $28 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is in fair demand. Tanners' Bark also finds ready sale at quotations.

BEESWAX is scarce, and selling in a small way only at 32@33c ℔ lb.

COAL.—There is no alteration in the price or demand for Anthracite, and a moderate business doing for the season, both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE.—The stock is nearly all out of first hands, and the market is firm, but quiet at previous rates, the week's sales reaching 800 bags, mostly low grade Rio, in lots, at 15 to 16c, on the usual credit, part from another market.

COPPER is dull, with but little selling at quotations. Of yellow metal the sales are moderate, and the market steady at 18c, 6 mos.

FRUIT.—Green Apples are selling at from $3 to $4, and Cranberries at $6½@7½ ℔ bbl, as in quality. Dried Fruit is scarce and high; but Apples sell slowly at 5@6c, and unpared Peaches at 6@7 ℔ lb.

HAY is in steady demand and good Timothy is selling at 65@70c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The stock is pretty much all in the hands of the manufacturers, and there is nothing doing to alter quotations.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales limited at 20@24c for new crop Eastern and Western.

IRON.—There is a moderate inquiry for Pig Metal, sales of about 2500 tons Anthracite have come under our notice, mostly at $18, cash, for No 1, and $17 for No 2, including some of the former at $20, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is not inquired after, and nearly nominal at $22@23 ℔ ton. 100 tons Blooms sold at $60, on time.

LEAD continues scarce and on the advance, with a reduced stock to operate in.

LUMBER.—The receipts are light, but the demand has been rather more active within the range of quotations, including Laths at $1,20@1,25 ℔ M.

MOLASSES.—The demand is limited and the market firm, with further small sales of Cuba at full rates; 100 bbls New Orleans at 50@52c, and Syrup at 30@37c, on time.

PLASTER continues in steady demand at $2,25 ℔ ton for soft, and receipts moderate.

RICE.—The stock is very light, and the demand limited at 7½@7¾c ℔ lb; 100 casks sold to go out of the market on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and about 500 bus have been disposed of at $4,25@4,50 ℔ bus. For Timothy the season is over, and the market is dull, with sales of about 1800 bus, mostly at $1,75 ℔ bus. Flaxseed has further advanced, and all that could be had taken by the crushers at $1,80 ℔ bus, now held higher. Calcutta Seed is also better.

SPIRITS.—There is no change in Brandy and Gin, and a limited business doing in the way of sales. N E Rum is steady at 30@32c. Whiskey is steady, with further sales, in lots, at 21@21½c for Penna bbls, 21½@22c for Ohio, and 20½@21c for Drudge.

SUGARS are firm, but very inactive, with a few small sales of Cuba only to notice at 8@8½c, on time.

TALLOW is in good demand, and firm at 9@9½c for city, and 8½c for country rendered.

TOBACCO.—The want of stock, of both Leaf and Manufactured, limits operations, and for the latter prices are steadily on the advance. Some sales of Maryland Leaf are reported on private terms.

WOOL.—The market for most kinds continues active, and on the advance, and the stock nearly all out of first hands. Large sales are reported, part foreign, at from 40c to 55c, the latter for Kersey Wool; 55c to 60c for tub, and 45c to 53c for fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1998 head. Prices varying from 6 to 8c ℔ lb. 85 Cows were sold at from $20 to 32 ℔ head. 4000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 7 to 7½ cents ℔ lb, net. 1182 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,75 ℔ cwt, net.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, WILLIAM G. COCHRAN, in his 36th year.

On the 28th ultimo, after a severe illness, DAVID A. DAVIS, in his 62d year.

On the 28th ultimo, M. M. J. WILLIAMS, in his 49th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. JOHN SINER, Sr. in his 75th year.

On the 29th ultimo, SUSAN LINKER, wife of W. Linker, in her 55th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH PRICE, wife of Mr. John Price, aged 50 years.

On the 26th ultimo, JOSIAH JONES, in his 76th year.

On the 28th ultimo, MATILDA M. BLACK, wife of Alex. A. Black, aged 25 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARY PETERSON, aged 80 years.

On Sunday morning, the 27th ultimo, PETER S. WETZELL, in his 57th year.

On the 28th ultimo, JOHN CHAMBERS, in his 36th year.

On the 26th ultimo, EMILIE C. wife of Ezra H. Chase, in her 20th year.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, ROBERT Y. CHASE, to ARABELLA, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Robt. T. Conrad, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., the Rev. WILLIAM HOBART HAW, to MARY AMORY, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

On the 30th ultimo, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. John Jenkins, D. D., Minister of Calvary Church, CHARLES EDWARD KEITH KORTRIGHT, Esq. her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the state of Penna. to MARTHA ALLEN, only surviving child of John Richardson, Esq.

On Monday, October 28th, by Mayor Henry, GEORGE T. GRIFFIN, to FRANCIS LOUISA GRIFFIN, adopted daughter of Dr. E. and Lydia Griffin, both of this city.

On the 29th of April, 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. RICHARD IRWIN, to Miss VIOLETTA PAR HOLMES, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Sergt. THOMAS C. WHITTINGHAM, formerly of Dover, Del. to Miss JOSEPHINE MEADE, of this city.

BANK NOTE LIST.

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Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	[illegible] dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	[illegible] dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to [illegible] dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	[illegible] dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	[illegible] dis.
Illinois	6 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	[illegible] dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	4 to 70 dis.
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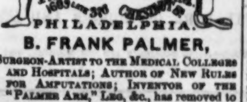

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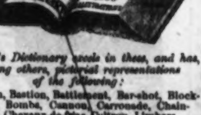
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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

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This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-tf

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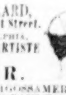

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2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
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Wit and Humor.

SOUND ON THE GOOSE.

On a bright day, shortly after the Fourth of July, when the American troops were making warlike preparations for a fight with the rebels, there might have been seen, in a tent not far from Harper's Ferry, a number of officers sitting around a rudely-constructed table, upon which were two geese, several chickens, a portfolio, and paper, pen and ink.

Beyond the lines that formed the official circle stood a soldier, without cap, cartridge-box, belt or side-arms.

The Judge Advocate took his seat, and thus formed, what the reader may readily suppose, a court-martial.

The disarmed soldier was charged with killing and capturing two geese and two chickens, and thus violating an order of the commanding General, preventing a forcible taking of personal property. A court-martial at such times, though not wanting in dignity, is generally hurried to conclusion.

The charge was read, the evidence was elicited, and it seemed to weigh heavily on the prisoner. He stood with downcast looks, when presently the Judge Advocate said—

"Sir, you have heard the charge, and the evidence adduced to sustain it. It has been proven by the most positive evidence that you did, early on the morning of the 5th of July, boldly level your musket, loaded with round ball and buck-shot, and then did discharge said weapon, the contents thereof taking effect in the vital parts of two geese or ganders, and two chickens, the property of some person or persons unknown. Thus you did on that special occasion violate the order of the commanding General, which was issued to prevent the killing, maiming, chasing, or wringing the necks of any geese, chickens, ducks, goslings, pigeons, cows, sheep, goats, bulls, calves, sows, hogs, boars, roasting pigs, or any other domesticated animal, of whatever form or nature. Now, sir, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"Sir," said the prisoner, raising his head, and revealing the features of an irrepressible Yankee, "I acknowledge that all the evidence adduced is true, so far as it goes. The motives which prompted the act, however, are known only within my own buzzum, and I should like to have a record of them made in mitigation of my punishment."

Judge Advocate.—"Speak freely and slowly. Clerk, be sure to record every word."

Clerk.—"Yes, sir. Proceed, prisoner."

Prisoner.—"May it please yer, gentlemen, the celebration of our National Birthday Anniversary fanned the flame of my patriotism into an etarnal conflagration. My buzzum was a bilin' over with the warm elixir of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' I felt happy then—as much so as if I was celebrating the birthday of our country at my gay and happy Green Mountain home, far up in the State of Vermont. I felt, sir, that I could have eaten Jeff. Davis for breakfast, lunched on Beauregard at eleven, served up Wigfall at three o'clock ordinary, and made my supper on the hull army of rebels. I had scorched my eyebrows, singed my whiskers, peeled the skin from my face, burnt my fingers, and got a piece of percussion-cap in my eye, on firing the thirteenth round in the general celebration of the everlasting, glorious Fourth. But I didn't keer for all this yere; I was patriotic, and early on the mornin' of the fifth I felt particularly savagerous, and thought I'd take a mornin' stroll in the jews of the valley. I hadn't got along very far afore I sees the geese and chickens comin' along. Wall, as I said afore, I felt a mighty sight of patriotic feeling in my buzzum, and jist to keep my speerits I whistled Yankee Doodle, and then listened to the echoes a-comin' back from the woods, soundin' for the world just like my own mountain home. I thought the woods were all for the Union. I felt glorious. I whistled again and again, and so did the woods. Wall, as I said afore, the geese came along, and I increased the sound of my whistle. I put my fingers in my mouth, and I did just so. (Here the patriotic prisoner gave a blow that would have done no discredit to a Pennsylvania locomotive.) I got about half way through the chune when the geese set up an etarnal, almighty hissin', and stuck their long necks and heels at me. Crotch all hemlock and gosh mighty, but I fired up! I was all-possessed and bilin' over with patriotism and glory, and sez I, 'Darn ye! ye'll hiss Yankee Doodle, will ye? Now, darn ye, take that!' And I blazed away, and fust two geese and then two chickens dropped."

A smile played on the faces of the members of the court-martial, and there was a deal of suppressed laughter.

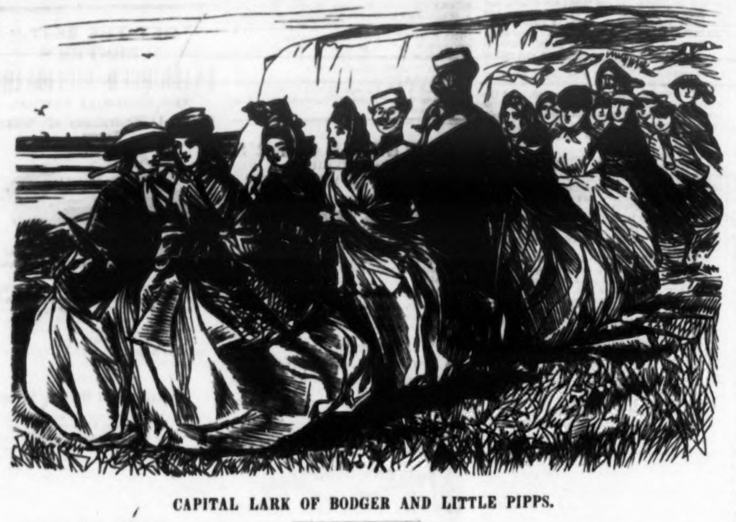
"But, the chickens, sir—the chickens?" quickly responded the Judge Advocate, biting his lips, "they did not hiss."

"Wall, no, sir, they didn't hiss; they seemed to be held in reserve to cover the retreat of the rebel geese, and they fell because they were in bad company."

The next day the soldier was on duty, none the worse for the court-martial. What became of the geese and chickens could never be accurately ascertained.

Dry.—As we walked up street a few evenings since, we overtook a lad who had gained such a height that we hardly recognized him. Alluding to his rapid perpendicular growth, we asked him if it was not about time for him to stop. "I have nothing to do with it," said he; "*I am not of age yet!*"—*New Bedford Mercury.*

☞ **His Parting Advice.**—"My son," said a descendant of St. Patrick, to the heir of his principles and his stick, "take this shillaleh, and whenever you see a fight, go in—whenever you see a head, hit it. You may not always be right, but 'tis better to be sometimes wrong than too late at a shindy."



CAPITAL LARK OF BODGER AND LITTLE PIPPS.

THE young ladies of Miss Prim's Fashionable Seminary are out walking, and Bodger and Little Pipps, being military men, of course fall into the ranks.

TOO MUCH FOR THE LAWYER.

Some fifteen years ago come Christmas, a few Irish boys hired horses from a livery stable in the town of G——, and determined to have a good time generally. One of the horses never recovered from the effects of the ride, and the liveryman sued the rider for the value of him. The lawyer for the plaintiff was an ex-Judge. He was a good lawyer, but fond of his toddy. He was trying to prove by one of the witnesses that all hands were drunk, and commenced by asking him:

"Where did you stop first after leaving the livery stable?"

"We stopped at Michael N——'s."

"Did you take a horn there?" asked the Judge.

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the —— Gardens."

"Did you take a horn there?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the Four Mile House."

"Did you take a horn there?"

By this time the witness began to smell a rat.

"Horn!" says he; "I want to know what has a horn got to do with this case. I suppose because you are a drinking kind of a fellow yourself, you think that every other body is drunk."

You ought to have heard the explosion which shook the court room. The ex-Judge did not ask the witness any more questions.

A VETERAN PLEASANTRY.

There was a physician in the neighborhood of Franklin, where Dr. Emmons preached for twenty-one years, who had some very peculiar notions upon religious and other matters. The physician being called to a sick family, met the minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for dispute. It was no place for unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for the physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in debate, and, above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question was—

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir," was the triumphant response.

"Then you are of the same era with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third person in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was *you*."

The physician did not follow up the discussion.

New Idea of Job.—Riding one day on the outside of a stage coach, in the interior of Minnesota, last summer, the driver, a funny little fellow, told the following story: Bill, one of the drivers on our line, was coming out of Rochester one morning, early this spring. The weather was cold and frosty, the roads were bad, and the horses would not work well together. On the seat beside him was a clerical gentleman. Now, Bill swore sometimes, and stuttered as well, when things went wrong, as did the horses this morning. Bill would haul them up and give them a crack with his whip, saying, "G-g-git up, d-d-damn you!" The clerical gentleman requested him not to swear; to be patient.—But Bill would swear. The clergyman, after a repetition of Bill's profanity, again appealed:—"Be patient, be patient: Job was a man of patience." Bill cocked an eye at him, and said: "J-J-Job! wh-wh-who did he d-d-drive for?"

☞ The Swiss have placed a colossal statue of William Tell upon the exact spot where the tyrant Gesler hung up his hat to be worshipped.

☞ Two can make love, but it takes three to make a wedding.

☞ What was A. L.'s style of locomotion in early life? He was *lumbering* along.

A Good Catch.—Very extraordinary incidents have been told of shot having been caught in the mouths of soldiers in the war of 1812, and the Mexican war; but an incident perhaps more remarkable occurred in the battle of Fort Drane, fought in 1837.—During the hottest of the fight a soldier received a shot which broke through the outer part of his pants, and lodged in his right hand pocket. Feeling the slight sting of the spent ball, he thrust his hand in his pocket, drew out the bullet, and dropped it into the barrel of his musket. Then, observing the very warrior who had shot at him, he leveled his gun and returned the ball with fatal effect.

☞ Seventeen private soldiers of the French army, in Bonaparte's time, by their bravery and talents, raised themselves to the following distinguished stations:—Two became Kings; two Princes; nine Dukes; two field Marshals; and two Generals.

Agricultural.

KEEPING APPLES IN GERMANY:

An American Fruit Cellar.

John Rossback, Essex Co., N. J., writes to the American Agriculturist that he formerly superintended a large orchard in Germany, where the fruit was kept as follows:—A large cellar was provided, seven feet in depth, half of it being built above ground.—The walls were 2¼ feet thick, and 12 windows were made; shelves 2 feet wide, and 1 foot apart, were erected around this room and through the centre, leaving passages to walk between. The fruit was all picked carefully by hand, and placed in single layers on the shelves. Except in freezing weather, the windows were left open, and during severe cold they were covered with straw. All decaying apples were removed at once, being readily detected as they lay upon the shelves. The fruit kept in good order until late in spring.

Remarks.—This is an excellent method, if not the very best one for preserving apples well all through the winter and spring. We began a similar practice twenty-five years ago, and succeeded well in the colder latitude of 43 deg. The cellar then constructed, and still in use, is arranged as follows: It is 8 feet high, well drained, and free from dampness—the walls being laid in mortar, well plastered on the inside, and the floor made as solid and dry as stone by a coat of hydraulic mortar. The windows are hung on hinges, and are double glazed—glass on the outer and inner sides of the sashes. Frost is kept out, but the windows are always open except in the coldest weather. The cellar is divided into two distinct apartments. The warmer one under the constantly heated kitchen and living room, is devoted to potatoes, root crops, and general family use. The other one, the fruit cellar, is kept down nearly to the freezing point. The fruit shelves are arranged around the outside, near the walls, and in tiers across the middle portions of the room. Posts or scantlings are set up in pairs,—the pairs being 6 feet apart, and the posts 2½ feet from each other. Cross pieces for holding the shelves are nailed across the uprights—one 8 inches from the ground, the next 18 inches above the first, the next as much higher, there being 4 shelves in each tier, arranged like berths in a ship or canal boat. Narrow boards are laid on for shelves, with large cracks between them to admit a free circulation of air. Narrow side pieces keep the fruit from falling off. The outside tiers of shelves are far enough from the walls to allow a passage way. The apples are carefully placed on the shelves, two to four feet deep, according to their abundance. Beginning at one end, the fruit is sorted over every eight or ten days, and any apple slightly diseased or injured is thrown out. The apples thus placed on these shelves, and in a constantly cool, dry atmosphere, keep sound for many months. For smaller quantities, fewer shelves will be needed, but the cellar should always be kept cool and airy, whatever the quantity of fruit stored.—*Editor of American Agriculturist.*

FRUIT HINTS.

I have met with decided success in using tobacco stems as a preventive for the peach-borer. Frequent examinations since early last Spring, have revealed but one borer. I renew the supply of stems as often as I deem advisable, and find no injury to the roots from them. I have also acted on Miss Morris's hint relative to the application of saltpetre, alum, or salt, as special manures for the peach, and with promising results. I sprinkle them on the soil to within about a foot of the trunk of the tree.

My trees, which were inclined to be sickly and of puny growth, are now in splendid condition, and this season made very strong, healthy growth, and from summer pruning are sending out strong, thick branches, some sweeping nearly to the ground, offering complete protection to the trunk from the scorching sun.

Last season, I used Gishurst's compound for slugs on my pear and cherry trees. This season I have used nothing but whale oil soap, which I find quite as effectual and more beneficial to my trees, as it gives a healthy, bright color to the bark, and keeps the leaves fresh looking and free from spots. I apply it once a week or fortnight, as they may require, and the expense is but little more than that of common soap, costing here five to six and a quarter cents a pound. Instead of a syringe, I use a "hydropult," which has great forcing power, and its flexible tube renders it far superior to the syringe in application to the under-side of foliage.—*H. C. Van Tyne in Horticulturist.*

NEW USE FOR APPLES.

England is threatened with a cider famine, not from the failure of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose (so far as the growers are concerned) than in making a household beverage. It seems that the Manchester calico dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colors for their printed cottons, and numbers of them have been into Devonshire and the lower parts of Somersetshire buying up all the apples they can get, and giving such a price for them as in the dearest years hitherto known has not been offered. We know of one farmer in Devonshire who has a large orchard, for the produce of which he never before received more than £250, and yet he has sold it this year to a Manchester man for £360. There can be no doubt that the discovery will create quite a revolution in the apple trade.

Have You an Ice-House?—It can be made very cheaply, and when the luxury of ice in Summer is once enjoyed, it will not be readily given up. If no better structure can be erected, build an ice room in one corner of the wood-house, or any shed where room can be spared. The north-east corner is best. Set a row of upright posts one foot from the inner sides of a building, and two rows of posts a foot apart, for the other two sides of the room; make the enclosure, say eight or ten feet square. Cover these with rough boards or slabs, and fill the space between with spent tan bark. Lay down a loose floor, and cover a foot deep with straw. When ice is formed, select that which is pure, clear, and hard, cut it into pieces of convenient size, and pack it closely in the room. Leave six inches space between the ice and the sides of the room, and fill this with sawdust. Also cover with saw-dust a foot thick, and fill up to the roof with straw. Packed in this way, ice enough to supply a family of average size has been kept safely, the season through.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ Plants not less than animals need exercise to keep them in good health. This is furnished by the winds which give them motion. Hot-house plants fail of natural vigor for want of it. In the botanical gardens of Paris the more delicate and valuable trees are shaken every day to exercise them, with the best results. We have known apple trees to receive much exercise of that kind, but not for that purpose.

The Eye and Vision.—Although we derive so much pleasure and obtain so much knowledge through the sense of vision, very few persons are acquainted with the powers and peculiarities of the eye. Thus our range of vision is bounded by the projecting parts of the face. In relation to this Dr. Alfred Smee says:—"If the eye be steadily directed toward one point it is sensible of the presence of objects over a vertical range of about 121 degs. and a lateral range of about 149 degs." But perfect vision is only obtained over a range of about 2 degs. 18 min., which in practice is in the relation to the distance of the object to be viewed as 1 to 25. Thus at 25 inches distant, a person will be enabled to read a word one inch long without the slightest motion of the eye, and at twelve inches distant a word half an inch long may be read in the same way. Where the optic nerve penetrates the eye, the retina is insensible to light, which causes a total loss of vision over light 6 degs. 20 min.—the commencement of the insensible spot being 12 degs. from the centre of the vision. As the result of this there is a portion of the field view, equal to one-eighth the distance of the object, which is utterly lost; and though it seems at first thought incredible, it is nevertheless true, that in regarding a range of hills eight miles distant, one mile of the range is not perceived by the eye.

☞ Timothy Titcomb, moralizing in his beautiful way on unfinished humanity, says:—"I never knew a Christian to set himself up as a pattern. So far as I know, they are very shy of pretension, and deprecate nothing more than the thought that anybody should take them for finished specimens of the work of Christianity in human life and character."

Useful Receipts.

Dough-Nuts.—Everybody and his wife, and particularly his little folks, love the good old-fashioned "dough-nuts," or "nut-cakes," or "crullers," or whatever name you call them. But many persons are troubled with "weak digestion" (dyspepsia,) and the large amount of grease absorbed by the said dough-nuts does not always "set well," but produces a "rising in the stomach."—When this is the case, try the following invention:—The dough-nuts being prepared as usual, just before immersing them into the hot fat, plump them into a well-beaten egg. This will give a thin coating of albumen, which will keep out the grease effectually. Furthermore, this coating retains the moisture, and keeps them in good condition much longer.

Daniel Webster on Cooking Potatoes.—It would seem from the following extract from his published letters, that Mr. Webster was fond of good potatoes, and knew how they should be cooked:—

"*Dear Fletcher*:—I send a quarter of lamb to roast; and if not too rainy will come to dine with you. Tell Mr. Baker the hour.

"Potatoes. Let these potatoes be peeled early, and thrown into a basin of cold water till time to cook them. Let them be boiled in a good deal of water. When done, pour off all the water, shake up the potatoes a little, hang on the pot again, and then bring them to the table. I remember when we heard Hannah Curtis shaking her pot, we knew that dinner was coming."

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cucumbers Sliced.—Select 18 of the largest of the small kind; slice and sprinkle them with salt: next day pour off this brine, and make a mixture of 1 gill sweet oil, 1 ounce ground mustard, 1 small teaspoonful of cayenne; add these to sufficient vinegar to cover them.

Preserved Tomatoes.—To each pound of large tomatoes 1 pound brown sugar and 1 large lemon. Grate the peel into one vessel and squeeze the juice into another: scald and peel the tomatoes and put them in kettle with the sugar and grated peel: boil them slowly 1½ hours: skim well. Then add juice, and boil 1¼ hour longer; when done, put in stone jars, hot. M. H.

Cheap and Easy Pudding.—Cut from a stale loaf 2 slices bread: make this into small pieces: put to warm 1 pint milk: throw into this a pinch of salt, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, butter the size of an egg, or less; while this is heating sufficiently to melt the butter, grate a lemon, and put by: squeeze the juice, and pour it among the dry bread. Next pour the hot milk over the bread, and let it soak an hour. Then mash all to a pulp: have the yolks of 2 eggs, well beaten, and add. Butter a tin basin, and pour it in: bake 20 minutes: meanwhile beat very light the whites with a little sugar last, also the grated lemon. Put this on the pudding and return to the oven ¼ hour. Serve hot, without sauce; 'tis good cold, for tea.

To Pickle Cauliflower.—Cut it up into small pieces: boil in salted water till done: throw it into cold water awhile, then put into your jar of mixed pickles.

Tomato Mustard.—1 gallon unskinned tomatoes; let them simmer in 1 pint sharp vinegar 4 hours: then strain them through a colander and let them boil till quite thick; then throw in 4 tablespoonfuls salt, 1 black pepper, 1 of mustard, ½ one of allspice. Boil all together ½ hour: then, to each quart of juice add ½ pint vinegar, and bottle for use in bottles where a spoon can be introduced.

To Make Pastry Healthy and Light.—Make a mixture of 1 ounce carbonate soda with 7 drachms tartaric acid: sprinkle about 1 dessert-spoonful through the flour for 6 pies.

Cheap Pudding.—Boil 1 quart milk with rind of a lemon: strain and boil again. Mix 1 tablespoonful flour with 2 of cold milk, and stir in, let it boil a minute, take it from the fire, and when cool, add 3 eggs, beaten; sweeten to taste and bake in crust in a quick oven.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 64 letters.

My 1, 7, 31, 5, 45, was the goddess of pastures.
My 2, 6, 10, 20, 11, was a mighty giant.
My 4, 9, 3, 12, 24, was the mother of Perseus.
My 8, 30, 13, 18, 26, were guardian angels.
My 14, 28, 35, 19, 48, was the mother of Venus.
My 15, 16, 38, 17, 42, 32, was one of the graces.
My 22, 36, 54, 40, 50 21, was Neptune's trumpeter.
My 23, 56, 39, 60, 29, 37, was the wife of Menilaus.
My 27, 62, 45, 52, 46, was the goddess of fire.
My 33, 35, 25, 62, 43, was the god of battle.
My 34, 31, 50, 47, 53, was the goddess of gardens.
My 41, 30, 49, 37, 58, 56, was a name for Diana.
My 44, 35, 61, 16, 20, 51, were the daughters of Phorcus.
My 57, 63, 32, 55, 46, was the goddess of marriage.
My 59, 48, 45, 69, 35, 64, 60, was the daughter of Laomedon.

My whole is an old saying.

Newport, R. I. EDWARD NEWTON.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 3, 8, 8, 9, 10, is an officer in a bank.
My 2, 3, is a pronoun.
My 3, 4, 10, is what many Christians do.
My 6, 5, 4, 1, is not clean.
My 7, 3, 9, 10, is an animal.

My whole is contained in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you would crush,
If it came in your way;
My second you see
'Bout your house every day.

My whole is an herb,
That in gardens does grow;
Tell me now what it is—
I'll bet you don't know!

Tonica, Ill. ••

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and I am a place for grain.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, and I am an entertainment of dancing.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, and I am a female's name.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, and I am a pronoun.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, 14, and I signify the hip.

My whole is a distinguished man.

Philadelphia. SAM. S. LAIRD.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Among novelties why is a dog's tail the greatest? Ans.—It was never seen before.

☞ Which would you sooner have, a five dollar note or five dollars in silver? Ans.—A five dollar note, for when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you see it in creases.

☞ Why are parish churches like ladies? Ans.—Because there is no "living" without them.

☞ Why are pioneers sent before an army? Ans.—To (ax) ask the way.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Defeat of Burgoyne, at Stillwater. CHARADE.—Post. TRANSPOSITION.—Traitors.

Answer to PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, published September 11th.—Rate of drove, 2.646 miles per hour. Express, 7 miles an hour.

Little Cooley, Crawford Co., Pa. Z. FISHER.

The above answer does not agree with the author's. He gives, rate of drove, 3 miles per hour. Rate of Express, 6 miles an hour.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, by Daniel Diefenbach, published September 21.—Sum divided, $737.30. A got $101.00; B got $121.20; C got $151.50; D got $161.60, and E got $202.00. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

We believe this to be the correct answer, as it agrees with the author's.—*Ed. Riddler.*

Answer to my MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM of Sept. 21.—The first eagle will fly 350 miles, and the second eagle will fly 490 miles. The *curve* is called "*Curve of Pursuit.*"

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to PROBLEM, by O. H. S., in Post of Oct. 19.—This Problem is somewhat indefinite. The *shape* of the tract is not made known. If it be *square*, and the fence built without "*worm*," (that is post and rail fence,) the tract contains 92160 acres, and will require the same number of rails to fence it. But if the fence be built *with* "worm," as rail fence usually is, so that two lengths of rails make one rod of fence, then the tract contains 163840 acres, and it will take *that* number of rails to fence it.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

O. P. Waldo also wished to know the shape of the land in the above-mentioned Problem.

The answer to the QUESTION proposed by the boy 12 years old, in your paper of October 19th, is, A's money, $8; B's money, $24. Time required, 1 4-5 years. Solved mentally.

Tolland, Ct. O. P. WALDO.

Answered as above also by Artemas Martin, although the answer given by "Boy, 12 years old," is—Time required, 1 year, 9 months, 18 days. A's fortune, $200; B's, $600.

Messrs. Editors:—The answer given by Artemas Martin, in the Post of Oct. 26th, to the PROBLEM published Aug. 31st, is not correct. By referring to the Post of Oct. 26th, he will see that the amount dug by A and B does not amount to 100 yards, nor does the amount of money reach $50. JOHN BOND.

☞ If the East finds fewer men than the West for the army, she supplies all the navy and nearly all of the money.—*Exchange Paper.*